

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

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[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1879.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



MISS EMMA THURSBY.

RAILWAYS

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES.—HOUGHTON MEETING.
CAMBRIDGESHIRE DAY, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21st.

FAST TRAINS, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Passengers at Ordinary Fares, will run between Cambridge and London, as under—

London to Cambridge. Cambridge to London.
Monday, Tuesday, Friday, 21st Oct. 21st Oct. 21st Oct. 24th Oct.

King's Cross dep. 9 0 Cambridge dep. 7 0 4 40
Finsbury Park 9 8 Finsbury Park arr. 8 15 5 55
Cambridge arr. 10 35 King's Cross 8 20 6 0

A. In connection with a Great Eastern Train from Cambridge at 10.50 a.m. for Newmarket.

B. In connection with the 6.16 p.m. Ordinary Train, Newmarket to Cambridge.

C. In connection with the 4.2 p.m. Ordinary Train, Newmarket to Cambridge.

Return Tickets available for One Month. Ordinary Trains leave Cambridge at 4.30 and 7.40 p.m., reaching King's Cross at 5.55 and 9.15 p.m. First, Second, and Third Class Passengers will also be booked from Cambridge to London by the Return Trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

London, King's Cross Station, October, 1879.

MANCHESTER SHEFFIELD AND LINCOLNSHIRE, GREAT NORTHERN, and GREAT EASTERN RAILWAYS.

NEWMARKET RACES.

HOUGHTON MEETING.

On SUNDAY, 19th October, 1879, a SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN, *via* Peterborough, Ely, and Soham, will run as under:—

MANCHESTER (London-road).....	dep. 3 30	p.m.
GUIDE BRIDGE.....	3 40	
SHEFFIELD (Victoria Station).....	4 40	
RETFORD.....	5 15	
NEWMARKET.....	arrive about 8 20	

The Return Special Express will leave Newmarket at 4.10 p.m. on Friday, 24th October, and run direct to and arrive at Retford at 7.20, Sheffield at 7.55, and Manchester at 9.0 p.m.

The Return Tickets will be available for return by above Special, or by any Ordinary Train within One Month from date of issue.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—In consequence of Saturday's Racing at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting having been abandoned, the Special Express Train announced to leave Newmarket at 4.15 p.m. on Saturday, 25th October, for Retford, Sheffield, and Manchester will NOT RUN, but a Special Train will leave Newmarket at 4.10 p.m. on Friday, 24th October.

Tickets, bills, and every information can be obtained at the Companies' Booking Offices at the Stations.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

London-road Station, Manchester, October, 1879.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES.

HOUGHTON MEETING, 20th to 24th October, 1879.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES, Tuesday, 21st October.

FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD CLASS TRAINS will run as under:—

St. Pancras. Liverpool-st. Newmarket.

dep.	dep.	due.
6. 0 a.m.	9.55 a.m.	
7.35 a.m.	11.22 a.m.	
9.25 a.m.	11.35 a.m.	
9.45 a.m.	11.45 a.m.	
10.15 a.m.	9.55 a.m. (Special, 1st Class only)	11.55 a.m.
12. 3 noon	10.23 a.m.	2. 8 p.m.
12. 30 p.m.	11.35 a.m. (Express)	2. 8 p.m.
2.35 p.m.	2.40 p.m. (Express)	4.52 p.m.
5. 5 p.m.	5.15 p.m. (Express)	7.20 p.m.
5. 5 p.m.	7.32 p.m.	10. 0 p.m.

Returning from Newmarket to Liverpool-street and St. Pancras at 8.1 and 8.55 a.m., 12.25, 4.2, and 6.16 p.m., and to Liverpool-street at 8.5 p.m.

First-class Special Trains will leave St. Pancras at 9.45 a.m. and Liverpool-street at 9.55 a.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th October, and return from Newmarket each day to St. Pancras one hour after the advertised time of the last race; and to Liverpool-street one hour and fifteen minutes after the advertised time of the last race.

On Monday, 20th October, a Special Train will leave Cambridge for Newmarket on arrival of the 2.40 and 5.15 p.m. Trains from Liverpool-street, and the 2.35 and 5.5 p.m. Trains from St. Pancras, and the 10.2 p.m. Train from Liverpool-street will run through to Newmarket, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Passengers.

A First, Second, and Third-class Special Train will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th October, at 9.25 a.m. for Newmarket, returning from Newmarket at 5.45 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and at 5.0 p.m. on Friday.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

London, October, 1879.

ANALYTICAL REPORT by Dr. T. REDWOOD.

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T. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.
(Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.)"

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THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—

RIVIERE'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

First-Class Vocalists. Grand Orchestra of 100 Musicians.

Mrs. Weldon's Choir, 130 Voices.

Miss Emma Thursby, the American Soprano. Every Evening.

Conductor: M. RIVIERE.

Admission One Shilling.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—

—Every evening (excepting Wednesdays), at 8.15, THE IRON CHEST. Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr. Henry Irving.

At 7.30, DAISY'S ESCAPE. At 10.30, THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

Messrs. J. H. Barnes, Norman Forbes, J. Carter, T. Mead, S. Johnson, F. Tyers, Pinero, Andrews, F. Cooper, Elwood, Gauthony, Branscombe, Tapscott, C. Cooper, Ferrand, Calvert, Harwood; Misses Florence Terry, Pauncefort, Myra Holme, Alma Murray, Harwood, &c. Every Wednesday at 7.30, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Irving; Ophelia, Miss Ellen Terry. Morning performances of THE IRON CHEST, Saturday, October 18 and 25, at 2.30.

No fees of any kind.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mr. HARE and Mr. KENDAL, Lessees and Managers.—EVERY EVENING at 7.45, a New and Original One Act Play, by Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., entitled MONSIEUR LE DUC, in which Mr. Hare will appear as the Duc de Richelieu; after which the highly successful Comedy, by Mr. G. W. Godfrey, THE QUEEN'S SHILLING. Characters by Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Kate Phillips, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Catheart, and Mr. Hare. Box Office hours 11.0 to 5.0. No fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. Huy.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. Open at 6.30, begin 6.50; close 11.15. Mr. Byron and picked company, 7.30, in AN

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. Misses Farren and Vaughan; Messrs. Terry and Royce, and full Gaiety Company, 9.45, in FRA DIAVOLO Burlesque.

Prices from 6d. No fees. Afternoon performances every Saturday.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Revival of James

Albery's successful comedy, TWO ROSES.—At 8 the celebrated

Comedy in three acts, written by James Albery, entitled TWO ROSES (435th and following nights). Every Evening at 7.30, HOME FOR HOME.

Concluding with OUR DOMESTICS, by F. Hay, in which Messrs. David James and Thomas Thorne will sustain their original characters.

Supported by Messrs. Henry Howe, Thomas Thorne, W. Herbert, Gathorne, Bradbury, Austin, L. Fredericks, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Ilington, Bishop, Telbin, Palmer, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B.

WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—

Immense success of RESCUED; OR, A GIRL'S ROMANCE, by Dion Boucicault, every evening at 8. New scenery by Julian Hicks; Music by Mr. W. C. Levey; Stage-Manager, Mr. Charles Harris. Preceded at 7 by POOR PILLCODY, to conclude with JESSAMY'S COURSHIP.

Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box Office open 10 to 5. No booking fees.

CRITERION THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHAS. WYNDHAM. BETSY, another

genuine Criterion success. Every Evening, at 9, in three acts, adapted

from the French of MM. Hennequin and Najac, authors of "The Pink Dominos," by F. C. Burnand, Esq., entitled BETSY, in which

Messrs. H. Standing, A. Maltby, Lytton Sothern, George Giddens, and W. J. Hill, Mesdames Lottie Venne, Mary Rorke, A. Edgeworth, Maude Taylor, Fleury, and Stephens will appear. Preceded by, at 8, JILTED, by A. Maltby. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

Managers—Messrs. HOLT and WILMOT.

EVERY EVENING at 8, NEW BABYLON, by Paul Merritt. Return of

the original company, as patronised by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Box office open daily. No charge for booking.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.

Every evening at 7.35, DRINK—a complete success. Mr. Charles Warner as Coupeau in the New Sensational Drama, DRINK, the only

authorised version of the French play "L'Assommoir," by Charles Reade.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—

Lessee, Miss FANNY JOSEPHS.

Managers, THE COMEDY-OPERA COMPANY (Limited).

Every evening, at 7.30, AFTER ALL. At 8.30, H.M.S. PINAFORÉ—

Messrs. Fleming Norton, Fred Wood, Dwyer, Arthur Rousey, Fairweather, Dymott; Mesdames Pauline Rita, Kate Sullivan, Edwards, Muncey, &c. Conductor, M. Van Biene. To conclude with BREAKING THE SPELL.

Private Boxes, £1 1s. to £3 3s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Balcony (bonnets), 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Box-Office open Daily from Eleven to Five. No charges for Booking. Morning performances of H.M.S. PINAFORÉ every Saturday at 2.30. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. James Gulver.

COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT.—Every Evening, at 7.45, an original

comedy, in one act, by H. A. Jones, A CLERICAL ERROR. Mr. G. W. Anson, Mr. Dacre, Miss Emery, and Mr. Wilson Barrett. After which, at 8.30, COURSHIP; or THE THREE CASKETS, a new and original

comedy in three acts, by H. J. Byron. Characters by Messrs. Charles Coghlan, Wilson, Barrett, H. Reeves, Smith, E. Price, A. Dacre, J. B. Johnstone, Ladbrooke, and Mesdames Amy Roselle, Leigh Murray, Emmeline, Ormsby, and M. A. Giffard. Box-office open from 11 to 5. No fees.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr.

EDGAR BRUCE—CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK, and VENUS.

Great success. Roars of laughter. Crowded houses. The doors will open at 7.30.

Performance commence at 8 o'clock precisely with the enormously

successful comedy, CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK, by Geo. R. Sims. Followed, at 10, by VENUS, by E. Rose and A. Harris. Music by E. Solomon.

Messrs. Carton, H. Astley, H. Saker, Sam Wilkinson, Desmond, and Charles Groves; Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Alma Stanley, Edith Blande, Marie Williams, Hastings, Phoebe Don, Carlin, Emilie Copsey, Rose Cullen, &c.; and chorus. No booking fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. Augustus Harris.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.

Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE.

Every Evening (Wednesday excepted) at a Quarter to Seven. LIFE:

Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Evans, Bigwood, Charlton, Hyde, Payne; M. Adams, Rayner, Newham. After which, Miss Lizzie Simms, Mr. George Leybourne, Misses Agnes and Sophy Murray, The Lucien Girards. Concluding with TOM OF TADCASTER: Messrs. J. B. Howe, Towers, Drayton, Reeve, Pitt, Miles; M. Bellair, Brewer, Summers. WEDNESDAY, MR. W. B. PAYNE'S BENEFIT.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE.

Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS.—The Blanche Cole Opera Company for Twelve Nights only.

Monday, October 20, IL TROVATORE. Mesdames Cave Ashton and Leopold; Messrs. V. Parkinson, Lynde and Ludwig. Tuesday and Saturday, LA SONNAMBULA. Mesdames Blanche Cole and Millais; Mr. I. W. Turner, Tempest, and Signor Olmi. Wednesday, FAUST. Messrs. I. W. Turner, Signor Olmi, Tempest and Ludwig; Mesdames Blanche

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

NATURAL as is one's contempt for a gentleman who has been horsewhipped and has accepted his fate with the unresisting resignation of an exceptionally even-tempered lamb, it is impossible to withhold sympathy from poor Mr. Labouchere. The eight or nine columns of limp abuse which appear in this week's *Truth* show better than anything else could that his sufferings from Mr. Lawson's cane were not only physical. All the worn-out old stories about the *Telegraph* ceasing to admire Mr. Gladstone when he became unworthy of admiration, and of Mr. Levy accepting the box a manager had sent him instead of paying for it, are made to do duty once again; and the abuse is as vulgar as it is clumsy. What may be the result of the proceedings at the Guildhall cannot be foreseen at the present time of writing. If any little accident should happen to Mr. Labouchere, however, and if he should meet a fate which is not wholly undeserved, and find himself in custody, it will be pleasant for him to reflect that he will not be without congenial society, for the publisher of *Town Talk* is also prevented by legal stress from continuing his business. Except that the scurrility of the latter journal is rather brighter and cleverer than the verbose story of Mr. Labouchere's wrongs, there is not much to choose between them.

AT the moment of writing, Ragman looks peculiarly healthy. Whether he is a good thing, or whether he is only as good a thing as Adamite, is a problem which will be solved before the next number of this journal is published. One thing, however, is certain. If Ragman wins the Cambridgeshire the habit of placing implicit credence in the result of private trials will be increased, and if he loses the habit will not be materially diminished. This is not the prophetic portion of the paper, and I may be in opposition to my friend "Skylark," whose happy hit in the Cesarewitch should make men hesitate in differing from him; but I have very little private and confidential faith in the favourite, and am not influenced in his favour by the report that "Jennings has his money on." Mr. Jennings is not precisely the sort of person to stand in the market-place and tell people what he thinks about affairs in general and how he has invested his money. Ill-authenticated stories of private trials are among the commonest pitfalls of racing, and I am always delighted when another of the stories proves false. This particular story of what Ragman did with Rayon d'Or seems much too good to be true.

A CORRESPONDENT who saw Mr. Toole lay the foundation-stone of the new theatre at Glasgow the other day tells me that the most tragic thing he has ever witnessed, not even excepting Mr. Irving in the *Bells*, was the face of Mr. Sims Reeves's *impresario* during the performance of the National Anthem. The day was rather cold, there was a nipping and an eager air, and Mr. Sims Reeves had of course to take his hat off while the melody was given. The probability of the famous tenor catching a cold in the head and being unable to complete his engagement struck his agent in all its dire grimness, and during the seven or eight hours occupied in singing the anthem—that was the space of time it seemed to him—the agony depicted on his face was so extreme that the word heartrending conveys but a faint impression of it. He had a companion in misery, however, in the person of Mr. Toole's manager, who watched the gay comedian, airily skipping high up among the scaffolding, with terrified apprehension. But Mr. Toole came down safely, and Mr. George Loveday smiled as he was wont to smile.

I THOUGHT that sooner or later some of those exceedingly frank and outspoken articles on "Men We Meet at Racecourses" would be submitted to the notice of some sort of judicial authority, but my impression was that a certain modest young Radical peer, the Earl of Rosebery, in fact, would have been the complainant. If, however, his lordship and his friends do not think that they have anything to complain of, there is surely no reason why outsiders who are not in the faintest degree concerned in the matter should worry themselves. But the article on Lord Rosebery was certainly—well, let us say playful.

WHERE farmers generally fail is in their heads; and this anecdote from an address lately delivered before an American Agricultural Society has a significance which deserves reflection. The speaker was once the guest of a certain Scotchman, Lord A., and as they passed a certain farm they found the farmer hard at work in the hay-field, getting in his crop. His coat was off, and he was helping

the men load, so hard at work that he did not notice his landlord. When they drove away from the field, Lord A. remarked, with a sigh: "Poor Brown! he is going to the dogs as fast as he can. He's got his coat off." Our American was very much amazed at this, and asked, "Why, what has that to do with the matter? You don't blame a man for working hard, do you?" "Well," returned his host, "I have been a landlord now for nearly forty years, with all sorts of farmers for tenants, and I have found out this—*It's a bad sign when a farmer has to take off his coat.* It shows that he's on the wrong track. If he can find nothing better to do on his farm than to earn the wages of a day labourer, he has mistaken his vocation."

THE idea of a National Theatre is a dream which can only gratify those who are ignorant of the subject, its requirements and its difficulties. If all the best, or the majority of the best, actors and actresses on the English stage would throw in their lots with a National Theatre the scheme might be carried out successfully; but it is perfectly certain that they would not do so, and a fifth-rate theatre bearing such a designation as "National" would be a ridiculous joke, and do a great deal more harm than good. Many letters constantly reach this paper urging us to support the suggested institution, but there is this fatal objection to all of the plans—that none of them would work. Few people whose names are known take the trouble to discuss the matter. Mr. Hermann Vezin is almost the only writer or speaker of position who is sufficiently enthusiastic to hope for such a thing, and the few other names that are known in connection with the project are not promising for its accomplishment. An actor of position in these days can get enough fame and money on his own account, and why should he throw in his lot with a National Theatre? Would Mr. Irving be more highly esteemed if he abandoned the Lyceum and enrolled himself as one of the company at the proposed establishment? Would it be a good thing for Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and Mr. Hare? How would it benefit Miss Ellen Terry or Mr. Coghlan? Without the assistance of the very first artists on the stage the project would fail, and why should they abandon their pleasant independence for the sake of making less money than they make at present, with nothing but a vague hope of somehow or other benefiting the drama as a compensation. They accomplish this end as it is, by study and earnestness. At popular prices—and of course a National Theatre must not be exclusive—no London house would hold enough to make it worth the while of the first actors and actresses to join together, and, as it is, the best managers are quite convinced that they can secure more efficient companies for the works they produce than they could if they were limited to the associates of a National Theatre.

PEOPLE will, of course, point to the Théâtre Français, and say, "Why can we not have an institution like that?" The reason is perfectly clear. When the Théâtre Français was started, the actors were the one company licensed to play under royal and noble patronage, and at the present time the theatre is a wealthy corporation, with *prestige*, and money at command. If such a house had not been originated when it was, it certainly could not be originated now; and it is equally certain that if the *sociétaires* did not find it pay to remain where they are, considerations of art would not prevent their dispersal. It is noticeable, moreover, that while as a general rule, in France as in England, the price of seats in theatres has greatly increased of late years, the prices at the Théâtre Français have fallen. Stalls at the opera used to cost 7f. 50c.; they now cost 15f. At the Gymnase, Vaudeville, and Variétés they were 3f. 50c.; they are 6f. or 7f. at the house, and double or treble at the agencies. But at the Théâtre Français stalls were 6f. 50c., and are 6f.

SOME time ago there arrived in England two horses, named Uncas and Duke of Magenta, belonging to Mr. Lorillard. The former was to have won the Derby this year—only he did not; and the latter was to have won a great many other races—only he was prevented. The two animals have, therefore, gone home again, by no means covered with glory, but the groom in charge of them, American journals state, consoled himself for their misfortunes by the thought that Parole was sure to win the Cesarewitch.

THIS coursing story comes from the *Australasian*. Who J. W. is I do not know, but it is obvious from the sequel that his description of the affair was singularly just and accurate:—"It was a friendly coursing meeting, and not much money on the trials. The dogs were slipped to a stout hare, and the sportive J. W., who was mounted, pounded away gallantly in pursuit to judge the performance. Most of the course was out of sight, and when the judge returned to the crowd he was besieged with inquiries as to which won. 'Well, I can't tell you. Never saw such a course in my life. This dog a turn, that dog a turn. One dog a wrench, the other dog a wrench. I couldn't separate 'em. No go.'" Two dogs so perfectly of one mind had never been seen before, or so it appeared to the astonished spectator. When the dogs were taken up, however, the wonder vanished. They had been slipped coupled.

THE latest shooting excitement in Kentucky arose from a racing dispute. The combatants, or rather the shooter and the man shot, are Colonel Clark and Captain Moore; and the *naïveté* of the latter, the victim, is so charming that everybody who knows him must regret the disagreeable incident which has befallen him. Captain Moore refused to start his horse for a race, and with charming frankness gave his reason. He "could not back the animal at the odds he considered he ought to obtain," whereupon an angry discussion followed, and the poor Captain received a ball in the right breast. It would add greatly to the excitement of betting in this country if one gentleman occasionally told another that he would shoot him at sight unless he immediately laid him ten to one against a prominent favourite.

A. S. S. are rather unfortunate initials. When they are borne by so excellent a musician as Arthur Seymour

Sullivan, however, inferences vanish. Biographies of our favourite musical doctor are appearing in numbers of American papers preparatory to his visit to America, and in one of them this little anecdote is given which shows how Art, as the mother of Music, has sometimes to bow to Science, in the matter of carpentry. One of Mr. Sullivan's early productions was the music to an elaborate ballet, *The Enchanted Isle*, produced at Covent Garden in 1864. At one rehearsal, an old carpenter came to him, saying: "Mr. Sullivan, sir, that iron and slot which Mlle. Salvioni crosses the stage with doesn't work very easy. We want more time. Will you give us a few bars more music? Give us something for the *villincellers!*" Coming from such a quarter, and addressed to a musician of whom such giants as Rossini, Spohr, and their few contemporaries thought so highly, the suggestion is delightful.

A FRENCH paper is responsible for the following ingenious calculations:—"L'Assommoir has been played two hundred times in Paris and one hundred times in the provinces. The food eaten by the actors in this piece costs sixteen francs a performance. 'Mes-Bottes' is nightly furnished with a piece of bread two metres twenty centimetres long. It has been calculated that if these three hundred 'pains' of 1m. 25c. each had been placed on end, one on the top of the other, they would have formed a column eight times higher than the tower of Notre-Dame. Besides this bread 'Mes-Bottes' absorbs a *fromage Suisse*, two hard-boiled eggs, three plates of soup, a litre of wine and two glasses of cognac. The rôle is one of the most fatiguing—to the stomach—that has ever been played."

RAPIER.

MUSIC.

THIS evening the autumn season of the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre will commence with a representation of Verdi's *Aida*, in which opera Mme. Marie Roze will undertake the title-character, for the first time in England. In America her impersonation of *Aida* was highly praised, and the result of her efforts to-night will be awaited with interest. The cast will be strengthened by the re-appearance of Mme. Trebelli in the rôle of Amneris, and Signor Pantaleoni is likely to prove an efficient Amonasro. Whether Signor Frapolli is vocally and dramatically equal to the task of representing Radamés remains to be seen. The operas announced consecutively for next week are Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, Bizet's *Carmen*, Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Verdi's *Aida*, the *Mignon* of Ambroise Thomas, and Gounod's *Faust*. The appearances of Mme. Ilma di Murska in *Dinorah* and *Lucia di Lammermoor* will prove attractive to those who remember her brilliant vocalisation in *Dinorah's* "Shadow Song" and *Lucia's* "Mad Scene." Mlle. Minnie Hauk's *Carmen* and her *Mignon* will be awaited with pleasurable anticipations, and the heroine of *Faust* will be represented by an able English artist, Mme. Helen Croxson; the rôle of Valentino being entrusted to another English artist, Mr. Carleton, who has acquired a high reputation in the United States. With to-night's performance, the musical amateurs of London will begin to realise the advent of the autumnal musical season which, thus far, has made no sign except at the Crystal Palace Concerts, and M. Rivière's Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden.

M. Rivière's Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden pursue the even tenor of their way, and attract large audiences, but, except on the classical Wednesday nights, when standard works are well executed, there is little attraction for lovers of high-class music. M. Rivière's selection from *Carmen* has been ably arranged, and it was a happy thought to employ singers for the principal vocal pieces; but the four chief artists were physically unable to do justice to the vocal music in so large an arena as that of Covent Garden. Miss Welmi, in the rôle of Micaela, was the most successful. Miss Adeline Carmi gave an intelligent reading of the "Habana," but Signor Carrion was a weak representative of Don José, and Signor Gustave Garcia, as the Toreador, could only be credited with good intentions. Why foreign artists of limited vocal powers should occupy the places which could be more satisfactorily filled by native vocalists is a problem difficult to solve. The time has gone by when there was a magic attaching to the name of Signor or Signora. Musical people wish to hear music well interpreted, and M. Rivière has strangely misconceived the taste of the English musical public if he supposes that they will be satisfied with inferior talent when presented under a foreign appellation. Miss Thursby's finished singing has been one of the chief attractions of these concerts, and she has elicited genuine and abundant applause. Miss Helen D'Alton has also achieved legitimate success, and Mr. Barton McGuckin has worthily maintained the reputation he has legitimately and rapidly acquired. On Saturday last Miss Anna Bock, a young American pianist, who has studied with Liszt, made a striking success in Liszt's arrangement of Weber's *Polonaise Brillante* for pianoforte and orchestra. Her firm and sympathetic touch brought out the best qualities of a fine Steinway pianoforte, and she not only proved herself to be a mistress of the keyboard, but an intellectual artist, capable of appreciating and expounding the beauties of the charming work in which the genius of Weber has been so happily manifested. The orchestral accompaniments devised by Liszt are simply impertinences, and the *Polonaise* would have been more acceptable without them. M. Rivière has shown much ability as conductor, and deserves great praise for his resolute opposition to the absurd and vulgar encore system. Among recent *débutantes* at these concerts Miss Agnes Ross deserves mention. She has a well-trained mezzo-soprano voice, of good quality and ample volume, and sings with taste and refinement.

At the Crystal Palace Concert of Saturday last, the chief novelty was the *Frithjof* symphony of Hofmann, a composer who has rapidly acquired fame in Germany, and whose works are making way in England. The symphony did not fulfil the anticipations which had been founded on the composer's lighter works, such as *The Fair Melusina*, *The Italian Love-Tale*, &c., and was not only long but tedious.

The Holborn Amphitheatre, rechristened the "Connaught Theatre," is about to be re-opened for operatic performances, and the first work to be produced will be *The Doctor of Alcantara*, composed by Julius Eichberg. If we are not mistaken, this opera was originally produced in America, and was once or twice played by the Parepa-Rosa Opera Company ten years back. For some time past we have welcomed American vocalists, and an American opera will meet with a generous reception.

The provincial tour of the Carl Rosa Opera Company has been the most successful on record. The members of the troupe are worked hard, and not only sing at public performances every night, but are engaged almost every day in rehearsals of the English versions of Verdi's *Aida*, Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, and other works which will be produced during the Carl Rosa opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre in January and February next.

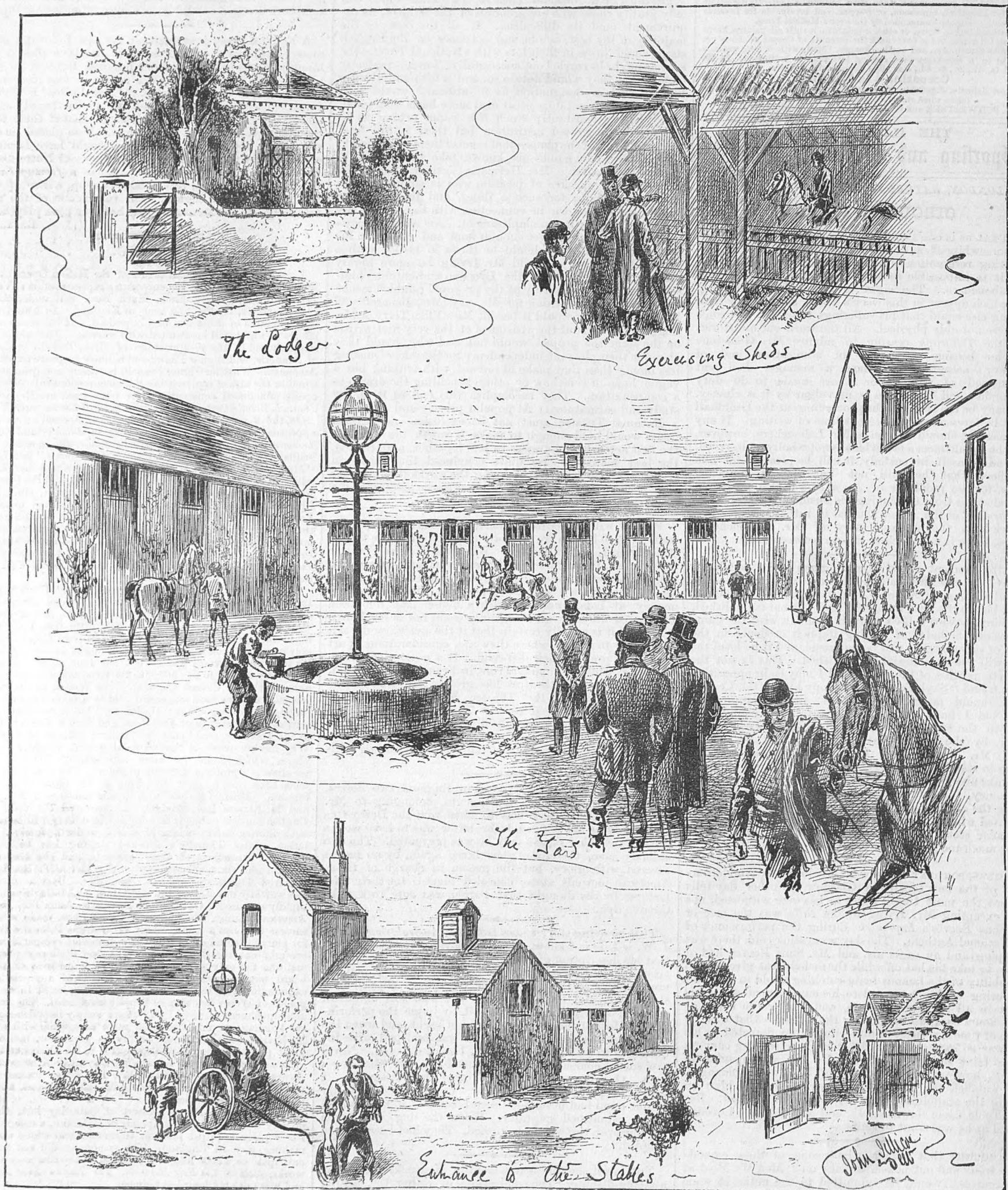
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ANDOVER AND WEYHILL HORSE COMPANY.

The Horse Market of this present season differs materially from several seasons back in the individual value of horses. Probably the severe depression universally felt may explain the cause. It is a notorious fact that cheap horses are cheaper than ever, while horses which could be professionally valued are worth more in the market than would be supposed. A reference to the reports of prices at Ballinasloe Fair will bear

out these remarks. There appears to be a falling off in the number of dealers in high-class hunters and harness horses, and the owners of hunting studs and those who pride themselves in their grand carriage horses seem more inclined to trust to their judgment in purchasing at the numerous sales by public auction. The increasing attempt to revive the spirit of the old coaching times is, to a great extent, the cause of this, and a reference to the advertisement columns at this season of the year shows how a great number of really good seasoned hunters must be sold, generally without reserve, which would otherwise be obtainable only from dealers. If horses are put up for sale

without reserve, and if a veterinary examination is invited, in these days when a real interest is taken in horses and most men know something of the article in which they are dealing, a fair price—neither more nor less—may be generally expected as the result. A fair price means a reasonable profit to sellers, and feeling this some four years ago a few gentlemen of position conceived the idea of forming themselves into a company for the purchase and sale of high-class hunters and harness horses. Having purchased the entire interest of Mr. Barnes of Andover, the well-known dealer in horses, they came before the public as the Andover and Weyhill Horse Company



THE ANDOVER AND WEYHILL HORSE COMPANY'S ESTABLISHMENT AT CRICKLEWOOD.

(Limited). They had an uphill game to fight, but gradually the completeness of their system of dealing asserted itself, and they felt the necessity of extending their business by connecting themselves more immediately with the great metropolis. No better position was offered to them than the premises of Messrs. Newman and Lansley, who had established themselves at a large grass farm at Cricklewood, some three and a half miles from the Marble Arch, on the Edgware-road; and the company, seeing the great advantages which would arise, made overtures in this direction, and eventually succeeded in inducing Messrs.

Newman and Lansley not only to identify their interests by becoming shareholders in the company (having transferred their interests in the lease of the farm), but to remain as managers at Andover and Cricklewood.

This company now comes forward with the announcement of a sale by public auction on Thursday, Oct. 23, of forty hunters, at Cricklewood, and Messrs. Freeman, of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, will conduct the same. The advertisements in another column show the importance of the event, and as the horses can be seen by appointment beforehand, and the company have

selected them all direct from the breeders with a warranty of soundness, and as every veterinary examination is freely courted, the result may well encourage the company to persevere, and thus place before the public two or three times a year a number of high-class hunters and harness horses, which, coming direct from the breeders, and having been judiciously trained for their respective purposes, are surely worth the best attention of purchasers.

The picks of the basket, if we may say so without detriment to other good-looking horses, are the Irish grey mare, Mabel; the

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eminence in Dublin, we at once proceeded thither. But the best room—whatever that was like—being occupied on our arrival, we had to take “pot luck,” and make the best of it. So, after a reasonable and cleanly-served supper, we were shown to our double-bedded room, a pigeon-hole over the rafters, to which we had to ascend by a perpendicular pole with slats nailed across it. Now though this was a feat to test the powers of the Indianrubber Brothers, it was ten times more difficult the getting down in the morning. However, the locality so pleased us that though it rained nearly all the time we were here, and though we breakfasted, dined, and supped amid the children and the cocks and hens, the sweet fresh butter, the home-made bread, the rich milk and eggs, and the fish caught by some primitive contrivance—for there was no meat used on the island while we remained—that here we took up our abode for an entire week, and a week that to my recollection was never better spent; for with the utilitarianism of our divine art, and the never-ceasing roar of the rushing waters in our ears, we had devotion, love, feasting, flattery, and even dancing evening after evening, those of the devotees who could not obtain beds amused themselves “thrushing it” till morning to the music of two trumps or Jews’ harps played by one man, and well he acquitted himself on each several occasion. Better and better than all, our bill here for the week was only 11s. each. Oh, Inchegeela!

From “Gougane Barra” we journeyed peacefully to Glen-gariff, through a scenery of glen, dell, mountain, and defile of sublimest grandeur. In the Pass of Keimaneigh we met an old mountaineer on a shaggy highland pony, who rather amused “Gulch” by informing him in a mysterious way that he was the vendor of “rare mountain dew”—this proving to be a compound of goats’ milk and potheen, and a refresher not at all to be despised. We each partook of the good old man’s bounty, but when he was proffered a large silver coin, he found, dear old idiot! that he had no change (no person ever was known to have change here), so was allowed to keep the half-dollar unbroken.

It was the gloaming when we entered the charming valley of Glengariff, and put up at the well-kept hotel of the Bantry Arms. Up in the morning with the sun, we were by Cromwell’s Bridge, and amid the romantic scenery of the valley, and its amphitheatre of surrounding hills, before breakfast, then away under shelving banks, all clothed with ilex, and myrtle, and arbutus, leaving the beautiful Bay of Bantry behind us, a silver mirror in the sun; and so on to Kenmare, through sixteen miles of an Alpine road, and through an atmosphere clear as that of Italy or Greece, until we, as we pass a tunnel cut through the rock for over 700 feet, come from Cork into Kerry, and behold towering before us the gigantic peaks of the McGillicuddy Reeks.

Now bursts out upon the enthralled sight all the glories of the fairy region of Killarney. On the left is the mountain range running towards Valentia, and before us the gloomy ravine known as the Gap of Dunloe; through this romantic gorge we proceeded on ponies, those urged along by merciless mountain boys, and apt now and then to give one a “spill,” if not hung on to like grim death, or John Gilpin. Indeed, “Gulch” was, if he remembers it, a pitiable sight to behold, now in deep obfuscation of his self-willed beast, and now in threatening expostulation with his attendant pony boy for his cruelty, while all he had for his pains were, “Yerra, master, sure he’ll never go, a’less he’s prodded, sur;” until at last out from the defile we came on Kate Kearney’s cottage, where refreshments were served by a crone who is said to be the veritable grand-daughter of that enchantress. “Gulch” said she “must have been related to Kate Kearney’s cat, for she was quite as old;” but I did not mind him at the time, for he was spiteful; and then by the ruins of Aghadoe, and the beautiful Roman Catholic Cathedral, into Killarney’s famed town.

Finding a lonely spot next day for sketching in the neighbourhood of the celebrated Abbey of Muckross, and surprised by a downpour of rain like a shower of walking-sticks, we left our traps, knowing the honesty of the people, in a small cave by the water’s edge, and leaving the tombs of the Irish kings in our rear, made for our hotel. Here for two mortal days did we have to admire the flood-gates of heaven being opened; and on the third, when we sought our accoutrements, nothing remained but the canvases; all else here swept away. O’Donaghoe, of the Lake, had taken our colours to paint his lady love’s face perhaps. There was nothing now for it but the bill. Oh, that bill! it would keep the Rajah of Nepal away from Killarney. The train for Cork, and “Gulch’s” troubled and glum face. Ah, we were sadder and wiser, if not greater, artists when we arrived there.

M. F.

TURFIANA.

LORD FALMOUTH’s sale at Newmarket next week is certain to excite interest in breeding circles, and we have reason to believe that, if reserves are placed on any of the lots, they will not be of that prohibitive character which need stall off intending purchasers. Hydromel is almost too small for breeding purposes, though Parmesan is but sparsely represented at the stud, but he would make a capital second string in a large establishment, where the half-bred element comes in for recognition. It is a thousand pities that Charibert should have turned roarer, and should otherwise have woefully discounted his Two Thousand Guineas victory; for the chestnut is quite the last of poor old Thormanby’s get, and we were in hopes that the Pantaloons might have found in his son a worthy perpetuator of that famous strain. Next on the list comes Placentia, but as yet she is without a winning bracket appended to her name, while her relationship to Lady Coventry will be an additional bar to her realising a high figure, more than one of her dam’s stock having, we believe, exhibited the roaring infirmity. Whirlwind and Leap Year are both of them better goods, for the former keeps on winning, and the latter was doubtless smart enough before she went to pieces during the recess, and both are doubtless by Kingcraft. Childeric was a common-looking customer when we saw him at Bonehill Paddocks in the summer, and their is vastly little of the Scottish Chief about him, while both he and his half-brother Charibert performed as if there was something wrong with their tempers, and the “soft spot” in both may probably be traced to the Saunterer blood in their composition. Skylark, though not quite of such high class, perhaps, was altogether stouter and more reliable; but he is cursed with an unsightly pair of hocks, and is a trifle coarse, as might be expected from a fusion of the Harkaway and Melbourne strains, neither of them remarkable for quality. In Kingcraft, on the contrary, there is plenty of it, and we thought this handsomest son of King Tom a very likely-looking stallion when we last saw him, though there is not too much of him, and he will, we fancy, require mares of especially strong, hardy constitutions, and breeders of big stock. The Venison blood, to which Lord Falmouth owes so much, is naturally of a delicate sort, and its presence can be detected in every lineament of Kingcraft, who shows not a particle of the Voltigeur plainness about him. A

good many yearlings by Queen’s Messenger have realised high prices, but as yet his annual return of winners and winnings has not been an especially formidable one, considering the chance he has had. Never quite a first-class performer, Queen’s Messenger, nevertheless, paid his way handsomely enough, and in appearance he is a true son of Trumpeter, though a better stayer than most of that sire’s stock, and it must be remembered that his lot was cast in a pretty good year. Silvio has been so lately before the public that no description of him is necessary, but keen observers of make and shape will not fail to have noticed that his “character” is entirely that of Kingston, without a trace of likeness to the blaze-faced chestnut from whom he claims descent. In our humble opinion Silvio is all the more valuable on this account, looking at the dismal dearth of direct descendants of Venison at the stud, and what wonders have been wrought with the blood of late years. Silvio is a horse for whose stud chance, if properly mated, we have a very sincere respect, and we trust he may not be permitted to leave the country, especially as his sire is not over well represented in England. No doubt Silvio failed quite to reach the high standard of excellence of many of his predecessors in Derby honours; but he possesses fine shape, high-class quality, and good action, three very important qualifications for a successful stud career, while no fault can be found with his pedigree, which is “fashion” itself.

Toxophilite is the latest addition to the “Obituary of Stallions,” and it will be within the recollection of our readers that Lord Rosslyn took pity upon him at the Enfield sale last year, since which time he has stood at Easton Lodge, where he lately died, fuller of years, perhaps, than of honours, for Dame Fortune as persistently declined to smile on his efforts as to favour him when running in the black jacket and white cap of the late Lord Derby. Begotten by that nobleman’s speedy sire, Longbow, out of a Pantaloons mare, “Tox,” as he was familiarly termed, made a sufficiently great reputation as a two-year-old to be held in high esteem for the Derby of 1858, the stable connections being wonderfully confident about their crack in the face of “all the talent” arrayed against him. There were other reasons, too, for his victory being well received by the public, for his owner has long tried in vain to carry off the honours of the race, which took its name from an ancestor; and in addition the “Rupert of debate” held the proud position of Premier at the time when the Derby was to be decided. Lord Derby, however, was not destined to blend the blue riband of the turf with that of politics, for in the race Toxophilite had to put up with second place with Beadsman, whose stable companion, FitzRoland, had placed the Two Thousand Guineas to Sir Joseph Hawley’s credit the month before. There was much grumbling at the time about the way in which “Tox,” was ridden by “Nat,” but it was only the old story of laying the blame attributable to the horse on his rider’s shoulders, and there can be no doubt that Flatman’s mount was a bit of a “pheasant,” and he never succeeded in retrieving his character. We have always fancied that the “old Adam” showed itself in Toxophilite’s stock, which were for the most part uncertain and occasionally touched in the temper; but he did fair service at the stud, begetting many useful ones, though not of sufficient calibre to make him fashionable in his old age.

Taking a Parthian glance backwards at the two concluding days of Newmarket’s Second October Meeting, some features of considerable interest demand recognition at our hands; and first on our record comes Thursday’s proceedings, which commenced with a Handicap Plate A.F. credited to Briglia, beating a better favourite in Fitz-Plutus, with the veteran St. Cuthbert third. Backers made no mistake in standing Mirth for a Maiden Plate, which the Yankee Miss landed cleverly from Mariner and Goody-Two-Shoes; while My Delight, for once in the humour, upset Merrythought in a Selling Welter, and then changed owners at 220 guineas. Seldom have such a lot of mediocrities assembled to contest the Newmarket Oaks, few of them looking capable of compassing half the distance of the T.M.M., and Whirlwind beat her seven antagonists with ease, Adventure and Lady Blanche filly being next best. The betting foreshadowed the result of the Champion Stakes, for which Count Lagrange ran Rayon d’Or in place of Phénix, and the “giraffe” was bound (on paper) to beat Placida and Exeter across the flat, which he accordingly did very handsomely, Lord Clive being among the unplaced lot, while Palmbeamer was last throughout. Titania II. and Rowston fought out the issue of a Selling Sweepstakes, with Caxtonian third, M. Blanc subsequently deeming it good business to secure the winner for 580 guineas; and the Autumn Handicap was the October Handicap *da capo*, Lucetta and Typhoon being in front at the finish, and Tower and Sword next, while Tibthorpe must undoubtedly have the credit of siring Prince Soltykoff’s filly, and a smart one she is, and good looking to boot, though it must be doubtful policy breeding from a rank roarer. On the principle of its being “good goods” to back Captain Machell in a Selling Race, they put down the pieces on Charlemagne for a seven furlong Nursery, but Vanderhurn was too much for both him and the Giantess filly; whose sire, Lord Lyon, claims the Brebby Stakes winner, Praxidice, an own sister to Placida, and very easily did Mr. Pulteney’s handsome filly dispose of Muriel and Goneaway.

Friday’s bill of fare was unusually lengthy, but fortunately a couple of matches fell through, and we made an early start with the Juvenile Handicap, Rous Course, won by Early Morn from Geraldine and Triermain, and Lord Anglesey’s luck would appear to be changing in the most provoking fashion just as he is contemplating retirement from the turf. A Two-Year-Old Sweepstakes fell to Moccolo, beating Dreamland and Returns, Mr. Ten Broeck buying in the roan for 510 guineas; while Captain Machell had again to play second fiddle in his match with Lord Hastings, Fire King just doing Maraschino by a head. Her Majesty’s Plate at Newmarket is generally a sporting affair, and on this occasion assumed almost the dignity of a cup contest, and we have seen many worse fields go down to the post at Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster. In the end our old friend Chippendale beat Bay Archer and Jannette very easily, and Lord Bradford’s champion may ripen into a good cup horse next year, when the best will have to look to their laurels. Lollypop, notwithstanding his uncertain exhibitions of late, was voted the “correct thing” for the Great Challenge Stakes, over his favourite six furlongs, but again there was that irrepressible Rayon d’Or, and the Frenchman seems at length to have got “acclimated” to the Rowley Mile finish, for he came with one run at last, and settled Lollypop and Placida, Discord and Parole being apparently unable to go the pace. My Delight, after beating Antycera in a sweepstakes, became Captain Machell’s property for 385 guineas; and then C. Wood succeeded in landing a healthy 8 to 1 chance in the Prendergast, which, like the Clearwell, fell to Russley, but this time in the interest of the yellow instead of the hooped jacket, Strathardle beating the French pair of chestnuts very cleverly, and she will be remembered as a Cobham purchase. The style in which Westbourne settled Lancastrian, Zut, and Co. for the Newmarket Derby was a caution, for the last mile and a half of the Beacon Course is no joke, and with Ruperra and Caxtonian behind Mr. Gretton’s colt, it was all the more significant that his Cambridgeshire scratching was announced at the beginning of the next week.

Touching now upon the Newmarket programme for the Houghton week, it has been authoritatively announced that

neither Bend Or nor Beaudesert will be stripped in public again this year, therefore, in the absence of the first-named, we may plump for *Mask* in the Home-Bred Post Produce Stakes; while *Grace Cup* should be equal to the task of disposing of Dora, Napsbury, and the Duke of Cumberland in the Criterion Stakes, and next to her we prefer Lord Rosebery’s colt. In the Dewhurst Plate Mr. Barclay’s filly also reads dangerous, but we doubt whether she will stay the course as well as *Dora*, and to her we shall leave the task of galloping down Early Morn, Glen Ronald, Ambassador, Napsbury, Fire King, Geraldine, and Irene, though it must not be forgotten that the dark division reads rather formidable, and that penalties tell with double force over the last seven furlongs of the Rowley Mile. In the absence of Robert the Devil (reported as “retired for the season”) we can see nothing better than *Tafna* in the Chevely Stakes, Cannie Chief, Belfry, Valentino, Zuleika, The Song, Khabara, Proctor, and MacGeorge, forming the probable “opposition”; and *Mask* appears to have the Thursday Home-Bred Stakes at his mercy. *Strathardle* may be better worth backing than *Emmanuela* in the Troy Stakes; and the Glasgow Stakes is at the mercy of Mr. Crawford with the *Heather Bell* colt. A Post Sweepstakes, T.Y.C., looks a good thing for the Duke of Westminster’s selected, probably *Prefect*; and in the Houghton Stakes *Mask* again stops the way, seeing that Beaudesert and *Sabella* are not likely to run, and Prince Soltykoff’s colt will have nothing better to beat than *Scot Guard*, *Swallow*, *Valentino*, *Lancaster Bowman*, *Vanderhurn*, and *Prefect*. In the All-Aged Stakes, *Brethby* Stakes Course, *Peter* shall have our vote, in the face of *Discord*, *Falmouth*, *Lollypop*, *Hackthorpe*, *Japonica*, *Phénix*, and *Placida*—rather a “hot lot”; and the Home-Bred Foal Post Stakes we shall rely once more on *Mask*.

Proceeding now to a consideration of the Cambridgeshire, we find fewer animals backed than usual, but the outlays on several of the more prominent favourites have been heavy, and doubtless many more candidates will be supported towards the decision of the race. The result of another of “those French trials” has displaced Ragman from his pride of place at the head of quotations, but the deposed one was never favourite of ours; nor shall we be induced to stand the uncertain and disappointing *Harbinger*, believing *Falmouth* to be his superior in public. Even admitting this to be case, however, we have our doubts as to the slack-loined Derby disappointment of 1879 being able to give a good account of himself up Criterion Hill, and there are horses of the same age as *Falmouth* we infinitely prefer to him, notably *Discord*, *Out of Bounds*, and *Exeter*. Mr. Christopher’s colt is bound to perform creditably, though he has done a lot of hard work lately, and we must give him preference to *Exeter*, in whom we cannot quite bring ourselves to believe, though he stands in the position of a sound, game, and what is more a genuine animal. *Lartington* we must throw overboard, seeing that his claims to consideration appear to be based on the Manchester performance with *Chippendale* (which we don’t accept as correct); nor has *Leoville* any charms for us, lightly weighted as he is, “class” (in which Mr. Naylor’s representative appears to be deficient) being especially well served in the Cambridgeshire. *Rylstone* is nicely handicapped, but would prefer a longer course; and we dare not trust to the uncertain *Adamate* or the patched-up *Rosy Cross*. Our former fancy for *La Merveille* has declined, and in the case of *Flotsam* we fancy the handicapper knows enough to render his chance of little account, though, if not under suspicion, he would be about the pick of the basket. We have “gone for” that unsatisfactory horse *Lord Clive* all through the piece, and shall not give up all hopes of him until we see him scratched or beaten, and he is one of those customers which may profitably be backed “with a run,” provided bookmakers can be induced to lay such a sporting bet. Another candidate, now at very long odds, is *Lady Lumley*, who is almost certain, however, to see the post, and we should have not the slightest hesitation in plumping for her ladyship, did we possess any proof of her ability to stay the course, and the *Stanton* filly seems bound to show a bold front in the race, though she may not quite get home. *Balbriggan* is a regular “bogey,” *Biantyre* a confirmed rogue, and *Stylites*, we fear, one of the same kidney, while old *Sutton* can hardly repeat his victory of a couple of years ago. From the foregoing analysis it will be apparent that we incline to the chances of *Discord*, *Lord Clive*, and *Lady Lumley*, all in the outside division as we indite these remarks, and to these we must be allowed to add the name of *Out of Bounds*, finally narrowing down our selection to

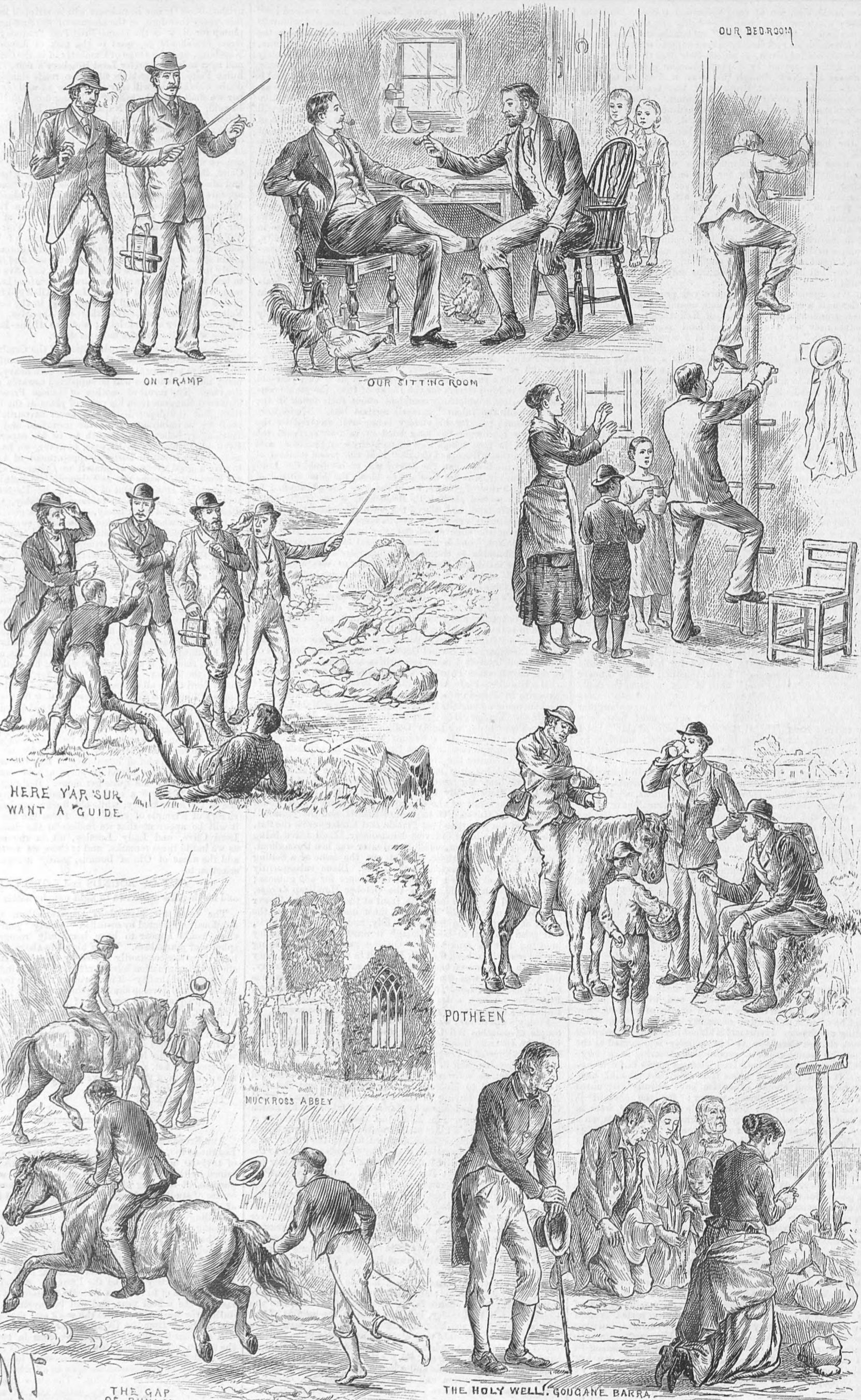
OUT OF BOUNDS and LORD CLIVE, and leaving the other two to fight out the battle for places.

The taste for scandalous sensationalism, originated and sedulously cultivated by so-called “Society” journals of superior class, would appear to have been duly recognised in lower spheres of journalism. When high life above stairs demands to have its palate constantly tickled by strongly flavoured and racy efforts of imagination having reference to the inner lives of men and women of the day—it is no wonder that the frequenters of pot-houses should develop similar likings, nor that journalists should be found equal to the occasion of pandering to those depraved longings. Latterly it seems to have been the aim and object of certain prints, which shall be nameless, to show that, in order to ensure popularity, dirt must be inseparable from racing; but we trust the effect of recent proceedings will be to separate such widely-diverging interests, and to make it patent that smut and sport are not, and need not be, interchangable terms, as the many enemies of the Turf have just reason for asserting them to be at the present juncture.

Thursday, October 16.

SKYLARK.

ART STUDENTS’ LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.—The Art Students’ League at 108, Fifth Avenue, re-opened its classes for the season of 1879-80 on Monday, October 6, 1879. This school is maintained by the young artists and students of New York, for the purpose of securing the advantages of a thorough academic course of study in art, and giving to the student the opportunity of drawing from the antique, and drawing, painting, and modelling from the living model, every day in the week, morning, afternoon and evening, for eight months in the year, together with instruction in artistic anatomy, perspective and composition. Mr. Walter Shirlaw will have direction of drawing and painting in the life classes. Mr. Wm. M. Chase will be the instructor in drawing and painting in the portrait classes. Mr. J. S. Hartley will be the Professor of Modelling, and will give a course of lectures on Artistic Anatomy at the commencement of the school year, and will be present in each life class during the season to criticise the work and explain the anatomy of the figure from the living model. Mr. Frederick Dielman will give instruction in Perspective once in two weeks during the season. The membership of the League is limited to artists and students—ladies and gentlemen—who intend to make art a profession; but the classes are open to all who have attained the required standard in drawing. The dues are fixed at a rate just sufficient to defray the actual cost of maintaining the several classes. The Art Receptions, at which pictures and studies by the best artists are exhibited, will be held on the first Tuesday in each month during the season.



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A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

Not a single athletic meeting proper took place in the metropolitan district on Saturday, and it was lucky that it was so, as the weather was of a most unsatisfactory character. However, at Radcliffe, near Manchester, a most important affair was taking place, which resulted in an amateur running record being altered for the first time during the present season. The event I refer to was the successful essay of old "Choppy" Warburton to beat the best time for ten miles. Being a performance of great merit, I append a clipping from the *Manchester Sporting Chronicle*, whose editor specially attended to witness the feat. The time-keepers were Messrs. Jas. Watson, C. Dawson, and E. Elton. Of the latter two I know little or nothing, but the first-named gentleman has had considerable experience both in America and England, is personally known to me, and I would trust him to "clock" with anyone I have ever met. To complete the distance Warburton had to run 35 laps and 170 yards, as the track was just 498 yards to the lap, measured 18 inches from the green. He started on his journey accompanied by J. Byrne, of Blackburn, who ran about a mile and a half with him, when alternately T. Duckett, of Liverpool, W. C. Davies, of Chester, J. Crewdson, of Manchester, and J. Concannon, of Widnes, took him along. Warburton covered the first four miles in 20min 45sec, and succeeded in completing the full 10 miles in 54min 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec, thus beating the previous record, 54min 49sec, which was accomplished by J. Gibb, L.A.C., on November 17, 1877, at Stamford Bridge, by 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The time for each lap is given below:

	M. S.	M. S.	
1 lap and 170 yards	1 57	19 laps	29 10
2 laps	3 25	20 laps	30 42
3 laps	4 56	21 laps	32 13
4 laps	6 24	22 laps	33 45
5 laps	7 54	23 laps	35 20
6 laps	9 23	24 laps	36 54
7 laps	10 53	25 laps	38 28
8 laps	12 22	26 laps	40 3
9 laps	13 54	27 laps	41 35
10 laps	15 25	28 laps	43 9
11 laps	16 57	29 laps	44 43
12 laps	18 27	30 laps	46 18
13 laps	19 56	31 laps	47 52
14 laps	21 30	32 laps	49 26
15 laps	23 2	33 laps	51 1
16 laps	24 35	34 laps	52 37
17 laps	26 72	35 laps	54 62
18 laps	27 39		

It was a treat to see him go round the track in such fine form, accompanied alternately by his old opponents, T. Duckett, W. C. Davies, J. Concannon, and J. Crewdson. The last record that Warburton beat previous to the one in question was the six-mile time of J. Gibb, of the L.A.C., which the veteran accomplished at the last August sports of the Heywood Phoenix Bowling Club, when he cut Gibb's time by 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. These performances are all the more wonderful, as Warburton is now in his 37th year, and has been running about 18 years.

At the Royal Pomona Palace Sports, held the same afternoon, A. S. Smith, of Birkenhead, and J. Saxton, of Manchester, competed for the Hundred Yards Challenge Cup, given some weeks back to be run for at the Northern Counties Club Meeting. On the reasons which caused it to be run again it is scarcely necessary for me to comment; suffice it to state that after one of the grandest races ever witnessed the Birkenhead representative just gained the verdict by a few inches in 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.

A correspondent asks who is J. Adams, of Aigburth, who had 52 yards in half a mile at the Pomona Palace sports last Saturday? It is a subject I should prefer not to touch upon.

J. Evans, of Pendlebury, who, with 83 yards' start in a mile, at the Radcliffe and Pilkington sports, on Saturday last, won easily by a couple of yards, in 4min 29sec, was immediately objected to, and I fancy it is any odds he will be disqualified.

Mr. William Holland has been endeavouring to improve the status of the professional runner by reviving his big handicaps at Woolwich, but unless a certain section learn to behave themselves, I hope in the future they will be refused admission to the ground. Last Saturday a party of roughs set upon and endeavoured to intimidate the referee, a gentleman who can claim that title by both birth and education, and one who is an agreeable contrast to the jumped-up nobodies who are daily pushing themselves forward.

Elliott and Boyd cannot come to terms yet; if the former concedes a disputed point in the articles, the latter raises another. There is a lack of genuine business in the matter.

At both Universities practice has commenced, although the Cantabs are most busy with an eye to the fours at the end of the month.

Radley College Annual Fours, Senior and Junior, have been decided, J. G. Gibson's crew winning the former by $\frac{1}{4}$ length from G. K. Malleson's crew; whilst E. Stainer's landed the Juniors very easily indeed by a length and a half from G. Pinckney's.

C. Wilkie fairly lost Alexander Hogarth over a two miles and a half course on the Tyne from Mansion House to Paradise Quay on Monday, for 98 sovs., the latter being unable to even make a race of it.

The same afternoon two youngsters, C. Lane and E. Featherstone, rowed for a "tenner" aside over a mile course, and although odds of 5 to 4 were laid on Featherstone, Lane won easily.

William Spencer, of Chelsea, and George Tarryer, of Bermondsey, have been matched to scull from Putney to Mortlake for a century aside on the first day of September.

John Keen, champion professional, and H. L. Cortis, champion amateur, rode a twenty miles bicycle race last Monday, under the auspices of the Bicycle Union. The "pro" laid behind all the way, and although he made an effort fifty yards from home, he was beaten a couple in 1 hour 4min. 42 4-5th sec. I do not myself see why or wherefore these shows continue to take place. There were, it is stated, some 1,000 persons in attendance, and the receipts from gate-money must be large, whoever receives them.

A. Tarling won the Twenty-five Miles Challenge Cup, C. T. Scrivener the Four Miles Invitation Roadsters' Race, and G. T. Clough, 250 yards, the Two Miles Monthly Handicap at the Pickwick Club members meeting on Saturday at Stamford Bridge.

At the Atlanta meeting held on the Surbiton Ground, C. H. Harris, 100 yards start, won the Two Miles Novice Handicap, and F. C. Booty, 150 yards, the Members' Mile.

In a regular fog T. W. Howard won a Ten Miles Scratch Race of the Hornsey Bicycle Club at Alexandra Park on Saturday, P. S. Lee being second.

Last Friday I paid a journey to the Floating Bath at Charing Cross to witness the annual swimming entertainment of the Friday-street Club, composed of members of the firm of J. and C. Boyd and Co. As the competitors wore university costume, ladies were admitted, and they mustered very strongly, in addition to which the attendance was unusually numerous, including the heads of the firm, who seemed to take the greatest interest in the affair. The arrangements left nothing whatever to be required, whilst young Charlie Whyte had got the bath into a fit state for the select company who put in an appearance. Messrs. W. J. Elliott and G. Phillips officiated as starters, and

Messrs. W. C. Boyd and F. T. Islitt as judges. I regret that I am constrained to curtail my report by giving only a brief return, and remarking that Sturgeon's steering was most erratic, and before he again goes in for any competition he had better learn to swim just partially straight. Plunging Competition: F. Sturgeon, 39ft. 6in, 1; W. Binfield, 39ft, 2; J. L. Symon, 32ft. 3in, 3. Forty-five Yards Novices Race: P. Mills, 1; C. H. Morgan, 2; won easily. 180 Yards Challenge Cup: J. P. Guthrie, 1; T. Marks, 2; a race all the way; won by six inches; time, 3min 24sec. High Diving, over tape, as in high jumping: J. L. Symon, 4ft 7in, 1; J. P. Guthrie, 4ft 7in, 1; W. Binfield, 0; H. Wright, 0. 180 Yards Challenge Cup: C. Lane, 1; H. F. Sadler, 2; won by ten yards. Ninety Yards (Two Lengths) Hurdle Handicap: Adams, 30sec start, 1; Sturgeon, 18sec, 2; W. Binfield, scratch, 3; won by eight yards; time, 1min 24sec. Plate Diving: H. Wright, 14, 1; W. Binfield, 10, 2. Ninety Yards Handicap (Juniors): E. A. Chaston, 30sec start, 1; J. D. Healey, 5sec, 2; J. Lunnon, 10sec, 3. Ninety Yards Handicap (Seniors): J. L. Symon, 5sec start, 1; F. Sturgeon, 13sec, 2; G. H. Colman, 10sec, 3; won by four yards; time, 1 min 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. After the usual Consolation Race Mr. F. T. Islitt presented the prizes.

That was a rare triumph achieved in handicapping by R. Watson at Thacker's benefit. H. Taylor, 16sec, in the 114 Yards All England Handicap, swam a dead heat for first place with J. Hornidge on the same mark, J. Hague, 17sec, being third; C. Keogh, 16sec, fourth; A. Taylor, 19sec, fifth; and J. Robinson, 30sec, sixth; only a foot dividing each. In the swim off Taylor only won by a foot. This is one of the closest finishes ever witnessed.

Football is now fairly in swing. At the Oval, Clapham Rovers beat Wanderers by eight goals to two; Queen's House defeated London Scottish at Westcombe Park, Blackheath, by one goal and one try to nil; Blackheath were too much for the Gipsies, gaining one goal and three tries to a goal; Guy's Hospital beat Royal Naval College; Grey Friars, Bartholomew's Hospital (making ten goals to love); Old Cheltonians, Richmond, &c.

The following is the draw for the Challenge Cup, at present held by the Old Etonians, and the ties must be played off by Saturday, November 15:—Northern District—Blackburn Rovers v. Tyne Association, Turton v. Brigg, Queen's Park (Glasgow) v. Sheffield Club, Eagley v. Darwen, Nottingham Club v. Nottingham Forest, Providence (Sheffield) a bye. Western District—Calthorpe (Birmingham) v. Maidenhead, Wednesbury Strollers v. Stafford-road, Panthers v. Birmingham Club, Henley v. Reading, Oxford University v. Great Marlow, Aston Villa (Birmingham) a bye. Metropolitan District—First Division: Rochester v. Wanderers, Old Etonians v. Barnes, West-End v. Swifts, Old Carthusians v. Acton, Hotspur v. Argonaut. Second Division: Cambridge University v. Royal Engineers, Grey Friars v. Hanover Athletic, Finchley v. Old Harrovians, Gresham v. Kildare, Upton Park v. Remnants. Third Division: Old Foresters v. Hendon, Minerva v. Hertfordshire Rangers, Romford v. Clapham Rovers, Pilgrims v. Clarence, South Norwood v. Brentwood, Mosquitoes v. St. Peter's Institute.

This Wednesday afternoon a preliminary meeting for the formation of a Surrey County (Association) Club was held in the Pavilion, Kennington Oval, when a working committee was formed, consisting of C. E. Leeds (South Norwood), W. Dorling (Barnes), R. D. Anderson (Old Etonians), N. C. Bailey (Clapham Rovers), R. H. Ross (East Sheen), E. H. Bambridge (Swifts), and C. W. Alcock (Wanderers), with E. D. Ellis (Grey Friars) as hon. sec. It was decided to play an opening match between Metropolitan Surrey and the Rest of the County at Kennington Oval, on Wednesday, October 29, and all Surrey players desirous of assisting should communicate with the hon. sec. Surrey County Football Club, Kennington Oval, London, S.E.

EXON.

DR. CARVER AT THE CANTERBURY HALL.

This wonderful "shooter," of whom we spoke at considerable length when he was exhibiting his skill as a marksman at the Crystal Palace in the early part of the year*, is now appearing nightly at the above popular place of amusement. Dr. Carver makes his entry about half-past ten, and the whole of the large stage is given up for his use. At the extreme end a large white curtain is suspended, behind which is a backing of thick planks. Dr. Carver goes through all his marvellous feats with his usual success. Nothing more wonderful of the kind has ever been done with a rifle, and it is almost needless to say that Dr. Carver is cheered and applauded to the echo by astonished audiences. The performance concludes with a double shot at two glass balls thrown into the air at the same instant, fired at and broken by the marksman going across the stage at a gallop on his celebrated horse "Winnemucca," which has carried Dr. Carver through many of his dangerous exploits on the American plains, and from whose back he has slain thousands of buffaloes. Dr. Carver's engagement at the Canterbury Hall is announced for a limited period only, which will, however, have to be extended, if possible, judging from the crowds which assemble nightly to witness his entertainment.

ALDERSHOT PONY AND HUNTERS' STEEPELCHASES.—The first Aldershot pony and hunters' steeple chases were held on the steeple-chase course adjoining the Long Valley on Monday last. Captain Bagot officiated as judge, and Captain Gatacre as starter. Results:—Hunters' Plate: Mr. Scott's (7th Dragoon Guards) Silverfield, by Thormanby out of Madeline, first; Dan, second. Four ran. Polo Cup (for polo ponies): Major Ferrot's (53rd Regiment) Bantam, 6 yrs, won easily. Hunters' Selling Race: Captain Bond's (Royal Engineers) Carmago, by Broomielaw out of Elsham Lass, first; Sir Morgan, second; Centaur, third. Pony Race: Major Ferrot's (53rd Regiment) Bantam, first; Jack, second. Won by a head. Pony Flat Race (for polo ponies): Mr. D. Vernon Pirie's (7th Dragoon Guards) Kate, 6 yrs, won two heats easily.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS BRAGG, of Moreton Hampstead, who owns a pack of harriers, which hunt on the eastern border of Dartmoor, has been obliged to shoot the whole pack of eleven couples, owing to their having become affected with dumb madness. The disease is said to have been imported from a kennel in Cornwall, some dogs from which bit several of the animals belonging to Mr. Bragg.

SHOOTING.—The enclosure at the Pavilion Hotel, Wormwood Scrubs, was well patronised on Monday, when sport commenced with four handicap sweepstakes, at three starlings each, the winners and dividers being—Mr. E. Edwards (24), Mr. G. Green (25), Mr. C. Mitchell (25), Mr. Rose (25), and Mr. Smith (24). Seven handicap sweepstakes, at three pigeons each, followed, the successful competitors being—Mr. G. Green (25), Mr. Smith (25), Mr. Rose (25), Mr. C. Mitchell and Mr. Rutland (29), and Mr. Jones (23).

* For sketches and report of an interview with Dr. Carver see the *T. S. and D. N.* for May 10, 1879.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10.

MATCH.—Sir B. Dixie's Templar, pays; Lord Dupplin's Royal, receives. JUVENILE HANDICAP.—Lord Anglesey's Early Morn (Cannon), 1; Triermain, 2; Geraldine, 3, 12 ran. SWEEPSTAKES.—Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Moccoco (Cannon), 1; Dreamland, 2 Returns, 3, 5 ran. MATCH.—Lord Hastings's Fire King (Archer), 1; Maraschino, 2. HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Lord Bradford's Chippendale (T. Cannon), 1; Bay Archer, 2; Jannette, 3, 6 ran. THE SECOND GREAT CHALLENGE STAKES.—Count F. de Lagrange's Rayon d'Or (J. Goater), 1; Lollypop, 2; Placida, 3, 6 ran. SWEEPSTAKES.—Mr. H. Hyam's My Delight (Mordan), 1; Antycera, 2; Alice Maud, 3, 5 ran. THE PRENDERGAST STAKES.—Duke of Westminster's Strathardle (C. Wood), 1; Poulet, 2; Dora, 3, 8 ran. MATCH.—Lord Hastings's Master Kildare, receives; Lord Rosebery's Kineton, pays. THE NEWMARKET DERBY.—Mr. Gretton's Westbourne (Cannon), 1; Lancastrian, 2; Zut, 3, 5 ran.

HALIFAX MEETING.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 9.

THE HALIFAX AUTUMN HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. Jardine's Cupola (Kellett), 1; Brown George, 2; Jollification, 3, 5 ran. THE NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. H. Hall's Selred (E. Jones), 1; Glenstrea, 2; Cousin Sarah, 3, 7 ran. THE HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. W. B. Fauld's Miss York (Mr. Steele), 1; Central Fire, 2; Fair Helen, 3, 3 ran. THE ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE.—Mr. J. Robinson's Governor (Bruckshaw), 1; Cleopatra, 2; Scottie, 3, 0 ran. THE SELLING HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. Vyner's Ormelie (Mr. Couchman), 1; Ariette, 2; Lady Derwent, 3, 3 ran. THE HALIFAX HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Pickersgill's Whim (Heslop) 1; Deepdale, 2; Scottie, 3, 3 ran.

NEWCASTLE MEETING.

TUESDAY.

THE TRIAL STAKES.—Mr. R. Jardine's Chillianwallah colt (W. Platt), 1; Stella filly, 2; Ranald M'Enagh, 3, 6 ran. THE MELDON STAKES.—Mr. J. W. Lee's Alexandre de Georgis (Morgan), 1; Lady Broadwood, 2; Westminster, 3, 7 ran. THE TOWN PLATE.—Mr. J. G. Baird Hay's Palmiet (J. E. Jones), 1; Mayflower II, 2; Macadam, 3, 7 ran. THE TRYNEDD SELLING PLATE.—Mr. R. Howett's Victoria Cross (Morgan), 1; Merle, 2; Glenstrea, 3, 10 ran. THE NORTHUMBERLAND AUTUMN PLATE.—Mr. C. Perkins' Dresden China (Snowden), 1; Skelgate Maid, 2; Looking Glass, 3, 5 ran. THE TYNE SELLING STAKES.—Mr. H. Bragg's Hazlenut (J. Osborne), 1; High Heels, 2; Savoir Faire, 3, 7 ran. NEWCASTLE NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Cowan's Captain Blue (Kellett), 1; Prince II, 2; Queen of the Meadows, 3, 7 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

THE LAMPTON STAKES.—Mr. Hayward's Edith colt (Snowden), 1; Nelson, 2; Alexandre de Georgis, 3, 6 ran. THE GATESHEAD PLATE HANDICAP.—Mr. R. Duncombe Shafato's Nellie Macgregor (Fagan), 1; Ariel, 2; Winnie, 3, 10 ran. THE GRAND STAND SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Dickinson's Peerage (Snowden), 1; Stratheire, 2; Cornucopia, 3, 9 ran. THE NEWCASTLE AUTUMN HANDICAP.—Mr. R. Jardine's Humbert (Kellett), 1; Umbria, 2; The Rowan, 3, 4 ran. THE WELTER HANDICAP SELLING PLATE.—Mr. R. Cowan's Chillianwallah colt (J. Osborne), 1; Old Buck, 2; Bute II, 3, 5 ran. THE NORTHERN NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. H. Shaw's Princess Louise II (Bell), 1; Prince II, 2; Lady Auckland, 3, 9 ran.

CROYDON MEETING.

TUESDAY.

THE OCTOBER HURDLE RACE.—Mr. F. Lynch's Post Haste (Owner), 1; Gwendoline, 2; Miss Jeffery, 3, 5 ran. THE WOODSIDE PLATE.—Mr. W. Burton's Echo II (F. Archer), 1; Lyric, 2; King Harold, 3, 12 ran.

THE SIR THIRTEEN PLATE.—Mr. C. Hibbert's Fly-by-Night (W. Macdonald), 1; Castle Blair, 2; Firefly, 3, 12 ran. THE MAIDEN STAKES.—Lord Rosebery's Dalmatic (F. Archer), 1; Winning Hazard, 2; Emma filly, 3, 11 ran.

THE NORWOOD HANDICAP.—Mr. W. Brown's Lace Shawl (Luke), 1; Anaconda, 2; Castle Blair, 3, 8 ran. THE SELLING NURSERY.—Mr. R. I. Anson's Ringdove (Weedon), 1; Request, 2; Playrough, 3, 7 ran.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. Cas-Walker's Bugle March (J. Adams), 1; Calabria, 2; Kingfisher, 3, 6 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

THE OCTOBER STEEPELCHASE.—Mr. J. Brodie's Militant (Levitt), 1; Gunlock, 2; Sleight of Hand, 3, 7 ran. THE WEST WICKHAM PLATE.—Lord Calthorpe's Nightingale (F. Archer), 1; School Girl, 2; Lace Shawl, 3, 10 ran.

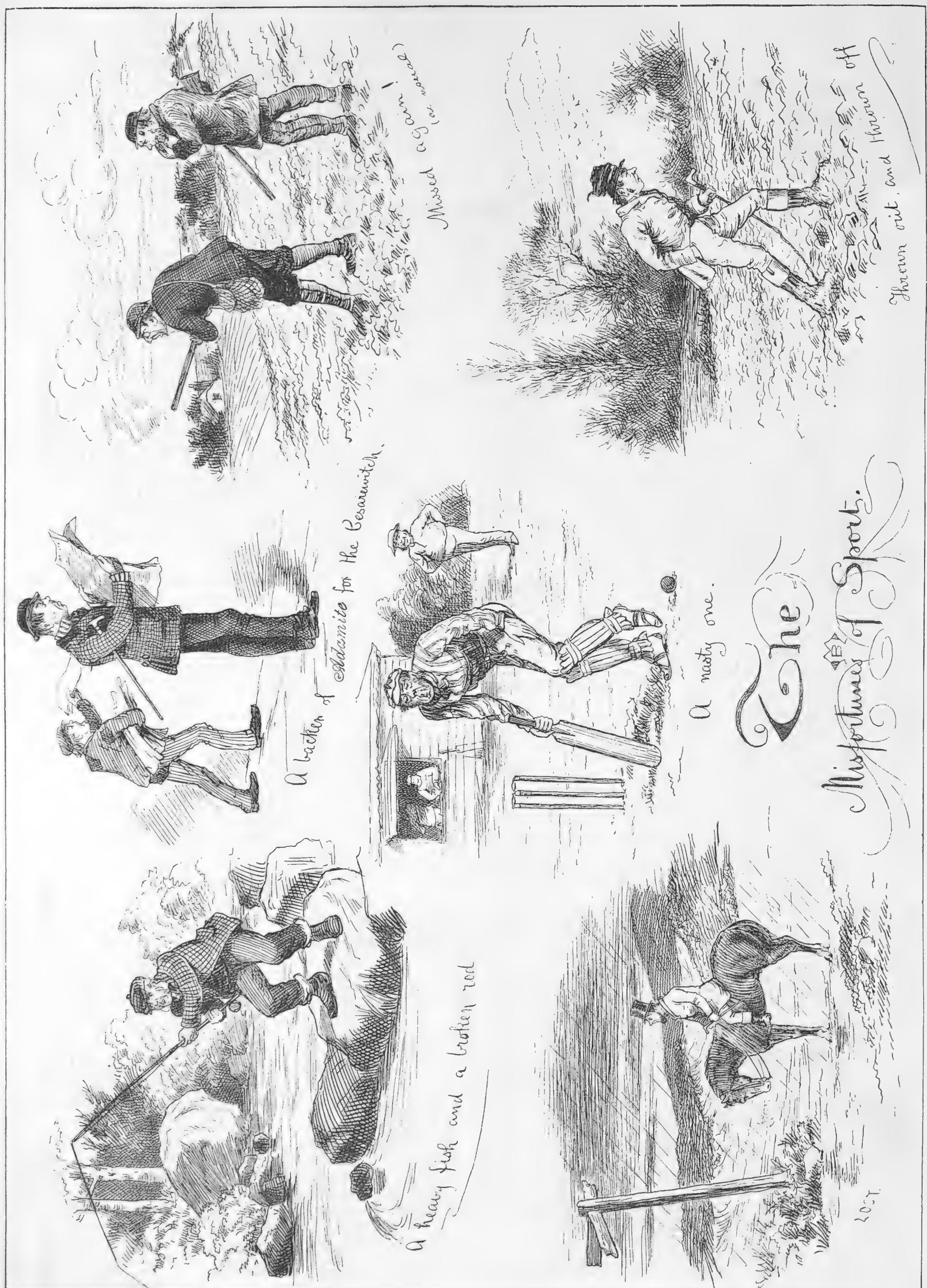
THE HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. C. Hibbert's Gurth (Mr. J. Winfield), 1; Peter 2; Restoration, 3, 8 ran.

THE MILE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. C. Hibbert's Hilarion (Skelton), 1; Unicorn, 2; Challemagne, 3, 10 ran.

THE CROYDON OCTOBER NURSERY.—Mr. T. Cannon's Carnifex (Luke), 1; King of the Gipsies, 2; Guitar, 3, 7 ran.

THE JUVENILE PLATE.—Captain Machell's Espada (Saddington), 1; Challemagne, 2; Elegance, 3, 16 ran.

THE CORINTHIAN WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. Winder's Ballet Dancer (T. Lane),



OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

As a provincial manager the career of Mr. Wilson Barrett has been an auspicious one, and so ought, indeed, his career as a London one; for is he not possessed with excellent taste, and has



Clotilde's Express Train

"the late," and a comedy of Mr. Byron's will occupy its place on the boards of the Royal Court Theatre. The piece was mounted with too elaborate taste and cast with too perfect a company of actors to allow it to be presumed that it was only intended as a stop-gap until the something else in preparation was quite ready. Mr. Wilson Barrett may, however, be comforted by his experience of short runs in the provinces for having to remove it so soon. *Fernande* is one of those adaptations, or, as it is more rightly termed on the programme and the wall-bills, "a version of *Fernande* by Victorien Sardou," thus giving the author his due for his original play—not after the manner of Mr. Charles Reade and others, insisting constantly in high-flowing advertisements that the work, which is in all conscience taken from the French, is only inspired here and there by portions of the French success upon which they work—well, I was saying that *Fernande* is just one of those French pieces which, when versioned or adapted for the English stage, becomes just like your penny tart with the jam taken out. The vigilant authorities who watch over the morality of the English drama and what is imported into it are entirely too cautious to allow you to have the French plums sticking up out of the English pastry, and consequently the children of men won't have their pastry without the jam, and whether they are actually aware or not of what quantity of jam has been held from them, they will very soon learn from some wiseacre, and then flock about as wise as anybody themselves, with an "Oh, it is an emaciated affair, not a bit like the original." Notwithstanding the conclusion of the present production of *Fernande*, those who did not see it missed a treat in the acting of Miss Heath. The suppressed passion of her performance of the character of Clotilde, and the continued grace of her movements and her sustained dignity made it one of the best pieces of acting one could well desire. Many of the critics laid the want of success on the first night at the door of a poor little



Andre begins to dislike his wife.



Mr Anson as Commander Jarbi

novice named Rose Kenney. It was no more Miss Rose's fault, dear reader, than it was yours or mine. I saw Miss Rose Kenney and I also saw Miss Ormsby, who more recently wept and laughed and grovelled for forgiveness with sufficient vigour in all conscience, and it did not make the slightest difference. The fact is there is a kind of pall over the whole thing that marks several portions of the piece in which *Fernande* (Miss Kenney's character) does not appear at all, with the same effect. Our gay dragoon Coghlan assumed the part of André Marquis des Arcis with a fierceness that, I trust, has not become a portion of his nature in consequence. Two things you must really take care and not grow—too fierce and too fat—for they will utterly destroy the graceful style that we all know you were possessed of. Mr. Wilson Barrett, like a manager of taste and discretion, took a sub-part in the play, and played it with great tact and finish. For a wife this young advocate (M. Pomerol) of Mr. Barrett's had a lady named Georgette, played admirably by Miss Amy Roselle; but, heavens! Miss Roselle, I hope it wasn't real! The fates preserve us from such an experience as your charming self painted for us at the expense of that good-natured young man your husband! You really acted so well that I for one thought for the time that such blow hot, blow cold, suspicious, jealous, and exacting angels as you pictured might be possible in the sacred precincts of the matrimonial dove-cots. Mr. Anson played the part of a typical American, Commander Jarbi, and made up not at all unlike Mr. Joaquin Miller when that gentleman first appeared in the drawing-rooms of London, and when he was somewhat inexperienced in the matter of the hair-cutting and costume of civilisation. There was a good deal of the "You bet" about Mr. Anson's Jarbi; but, I suppose, that is not altogether his fault; he kept it within better bounds than ten out of a dozen comedians on our stage. The furnishing of the three scenes in which the four acts take place was quite as consummate as anything Mr. Hare ever attempted at the same theatre. The centre one of Clotilde's boudoir was most especially elaborate and at the same time tasteful. The dressing of the ladies was as elaborate as the scenery, but they suffered from an over-length of train that considerably interfered with the ease of their movements; it is slightly



Andre's wife Supplicates for forgiveness

ridiculous to see a lady in utter grief reclining in sorrowful attitude upon a couch or prone upon the floor, hesitating to give her dress-tail a kick up out of her way: because it might happen in real life it ought not to spoil a stage picture or effect. On Monday last Mr. Wilson Barrett produced as a first piece a



Mr Wilson Barrett as The Rev Richard Capel

new and original comedy, in one act, by Mr. H. A. Jones, entitled, *A Clerical Error*. The work of Mr. H. A. Jones is, I believe, entirely new to the London playgoer at least, and, strange to say, familiar as the name of Jones may be, I think this is the only one of the numerous tribe who affects dramatic literature. His little comedy gives me, for one, every hope of his being in demand as a comedy writer. *A Clerical Error* is a

pretty, unaffected history of the sacrifices of "an awfully good fellow of a parson" to those he loves. Mr. Wilson Barrett created the part of the reverend gentleman, who is a country vicar—Capel by name. And a very charming picture of a country vicar it was—quite worthy of Anthony Trollope in his best form. Mr. Anson played a very characteristic old butler, who creates himself the vicar's mentor and, in fact, stage-manages him through life; the other characters were a nephew of the vicar, and Minnie, the good man's ward; they are played respectively by Mr. Arthur Dacre and Miss Winifred Emery. The piece is as slight as an egg-shell, and would spoil in any attempt at telling, but it was fully appreciated on its first representation. The author was loudly called for; Mr. Barrett pointed him out, modestly retiring in a box, and he was good-naturedly complimented by the audience. I would advise any who intend visiting the Court Theatre to witness Mr. Byron's comedy of *Courtship* to make an early visit, in order to see the loves and rebuffs of the Reverend Richard Capel, a country vicar.

THE NEW THEATRE AT GENEVA.

The new theatre which was opened last week is one of the handsomest and largest structures of the sort in Europe. In beauty and extent it ranks next to the opera-houses of Paris and Vienna. In external appearance it greatly resembles that of Paris, being built in the same style of architecture, while the decoration and arrangement of the interior are as perfect as lavish expenditure and artistic taste can make them. The vestibule, which fronts the Place Neuve, is connected with the first *étage* by two noble flights of stairs with balustrades of red marble, and stuccoed, ornamented panels, lighted by splendid candelabra representing a group of children, the work of M. Carrier-Belleuse. The upper part of the staircase walls and the ceiling are richly painted. One scene, by M. de Beaumont, depicts the four Seasons; another, by M. Dufaux, the four Elements; and M. Léon Gaud has contributed several allegorical figures of high merit. The five doors which give access to the first gallery are surmounted by busts of Plautus, Voltaire, Shakespeare, Racine, and Sophocles. The *grand foyer* (the crush room), immediately over the principal entrance, and lighted by three balconied windows, is one of the most remarkable parts of the theatre. The floor is in variegated *parqueterie*. The prevailing tint of the wainscoting is light chamois. The

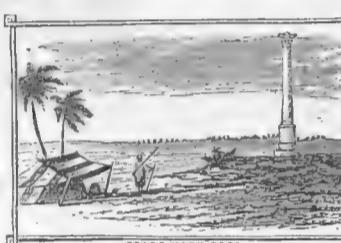
pillars supporting the painted ceiling are at once graceful and solid, and the gilding is profuse without being too prominent. But the *chef-d'œuvre* of the room are the carved chimney-piece in the style of Louis XIV., bearing in the centre the arms of Geneva and surmounted by a bust of Apollo; and the mural paintings by M. Milliet, representing the comic and the tragic Muses. The auditorium is in keeping with the rest of the house. The form of the galleries, the prevailing tint (light chamois on a red ground), and the style of ornamentation are in excellent taste. The three tiers of galleries have an outward inclination, the lowest tier being in advance of the highest. The auditorium is lighted by a splendid lustre, a veritable work of art, with 400 bronze burners. The seats are upholstered in red velvet, and the lower parts of the walls are papered or painted to match. While every precaution has been taken to prevent fires, the amplest facilities for exit are provided, and the theatre can be emptied of its occupants in a few minutes, so numerous are the doors and so spacious are the staircases and corridors. Twenty-eight jets of water at full pressure are always ready to be directed on any point of danger, and by means of iron curtains and doors one part of the house can be immediately cut off from the rest. The cost of this splendid temple of Thespis has been defrayed from the expenses of the Brunswick legacy, and, including the value of the land on which it is built, exceeds 5,000,000f. It is, of course, the property of the city of Geneva, and for a year at least will be managed by the Municipality, in order that they may ascertain by actual experience the extent to which it will be necessary thereafter to subsidize the lessee. In any case, we believe it is intended to continue the system, certainly peculiar to Geneva, of submitting the claims of *débutants* to the direct suffrages of the playgoers. A book is kept, in which regular frequenters of the theatre may enter their names, and whenever it becomes a question of making an addition to the company the aspirant is required to perform three times, after which a meeting is called to decide whether he shall be permanently engaged or not. Players at Geneva are thus, like pastors and town councillors, chosen by universal suffrage. Judged by its results, however, this system cannot be looked upon as altogether satisfactory, for the old theatre, whether as regards the character of its plays and the qualifications of its actors, was one of the least reputable in Switzerland, but confident hopes are now expressed that the drama in Geneva will henceforth be conducted in a manner befitting its new and beautiful home.

NEWS ITEMS.

LADBROKE HALL, NOTTING HILL.—An amateur performance was given here on Thursday, the 9th inst., which as regards both the acting and the general management was very successful. The first piece presented was *A Bachelor of Arts*, in which the leading character, Harry Jasper, originally written for and made famous by the late Charles Matheus, was admirably represented by Mr. Frank Glanville. Thoroughly well up in his part, and wholly free from nervousness, he proved himself an artistic delineator of the fast and humorous young gentleman, and well deserved the call before the curtain with which he was honoured at the end of each act. The heroine of the drama, Emma Thornton, was very intelligently and gracefully portrayed by Miss M. Padfield; Mr. Austin Courtenay and Mr. Charles Aston, the former as the Scotch Jew, and the latter as an old servant, acted with great spirit, and elicited frequent laughter. The second piece was *Meg's Diversion* in which Mr. Albert Becher as the village hero, and Mr. Walter Sealby, as Eymen, a country solicitor, exhibited marked ability; nor were the ladies unequal to the occasion, for Margaret, a farmers' daughter, and Mrs. Netwell, a widow, found clever and pleasing exponents in Miss Eva Fawcett and Miss Lilian Courtenay. The Hall was filled by a large and appreciative audience.

REMEDY FOR STUMBLING HORSES.—I have often seen the question asked—how to prevent a horse from stumbling? Now I had one that was a very bad stumbler at a slow jog, and would break his cheek, &c. I had a shoe made with quite a wide web at toe, and then had the cork set across shoes, inside of the web, next to point of frog, and had the point of shoe at toe rounded up a little, and it prevented him from stumbling. As the cork was back from the toe about one inch, it would give one inch more room under the toe, when he commenced to move his foot forward, and before it would hit the ground the foot would be raised high enough to go clear. After one or two shoeings, or setting of same shoes, he had worn the toes off the shoes square like a square-toed boot, and hoof at toe with it. The next pair I had cork set back as before, but had the toe of shoe drawn out thinner, and turned up on the foot side, and then had the hoof rasped off at the toe to fit the shoe, and then the shoe wore all right, and I can drive the horse on rough roads without being checked, and he never stumbles any more. —*New York Spirit of the Times.*

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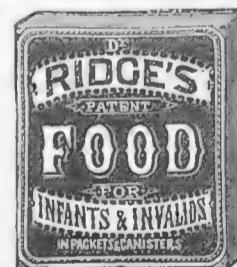
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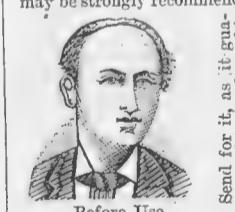
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Continuation of Horse Auctions.

7. QUEEN'S MESSENGER, a bay horse (1863) by Trumpeter out of Queen Bertha by Kingston, her dam Flax by Surplice out of Odessa by Sultan.
8. SILVIAN, a bay horse (1874) by Blair Athol out of Silverhair, by Kingston out of England's Beauty, &c.
To be seen on application to Mr. Dawson, Heath House, Newmarket.

In Park Paddocks, Newmarket, on THURSDAY, October 23rd, at half-past ten o'clock, the following YEARLINGS.

1. BAY FILLY by Thunderbolt out of Miss Saurin by Colsterdale her dam Lady Abbess by Surplice grandam Lady Sarah by Velocipede out of Lady Moore Carew by Tramp.
2. BAY FILLY by Dutch Skater out of Gamos (winner of the Oaks) by Saunterer her dam Bess Lyon by Longbow out of Daughter of Toscar by Bay Middleton.
3. CHESTNUT FILLY by Favonius out of Ethel (dam of Lady Kew, &c.) by Ethelbert her dam Lady by Orlando.
4. BROWN FILLY by Henry out of Queen of Naples by Macaroni her dam Vlio by Zuyder Zee out of Queen of Beauty by Melbourne her dam Birthday by Pantaloan.
5. CHESTNUT FILLY by Dutch Skater out of Miss Winkle (dam of Winkle, La Rosee, &c.) by Newminster her dam The Belle by Slane out of Miss Fine d' by Hampton.

6. BAY FILLY by Dutch Skater out of Mrs. Wolfe (dam of Red Riding Hood, Lupa, &c.) by Newminster her dam Lady Tatton by Sir Tatton Sykes.

7. CHESTNUT FILLY by Victorious out of Lady Sophia by Stockwell her dam Frolic by Touchstone grandam by The Saddler out of Stays by Whalebone.

8. CHESTNUT FILLY by Doncaster out of Czarina by King Tom her dam Mrs. Lincoln by North Lincoln out of King Alfred's dam by Bay Middleton her dam West Country Lass by Venison out of Margelina by Whisker; second foal.

9. CHESTNUT FILLY by Favonius out of Bawbee by Beadsman her dam Wee Wee by Stockwell out of Miss Maria by Gladiator; second foal.

10. BAY FILLY by Henry out of Lady Mary (dam of Hazelby) by Wild Dayrell her dam Theresa by Touchstone out of Olga by Charles the 12th her dam Fair Helen by Pantaloan.

11. BROWN COLT by Carnival out of Antelope (Shallow's dam) by The Fallow Buck her dam Flash of Lightning (Tourmalin's dam) by Velocipede.

12. BAY COLT by King Lud out of Princess (dam of King Victor) by Promised Land her dam Vera by Touchstone out of Muscovite's dam by Camel.

At Newmarket, in the Houghton Week, the property of a Gentleman.

METER, a black horse, 9 years old, by Saccharometer out of Miss Fanny by Vanderdecken (own brother to The Flying Dutchman). To be seen at Mr. W. Matthews's, Regent-street, Newmarket.

Particulars of FIVE YEARLINGS, the property of G. C. Carew Gibson, Esq., if not disposed of privately.

1. BAY COLT by Virgilius or Laneret out of Flora by Buccaneer out of Violet by Voltigeur; foaled April 29.

2. BAY COLT by Restitution out of North Lincoln Mare her dam Queen of the Vale by King Tom out of Agnes by Pantaloan; foaled April 5.

3. BAY FILLY by Pagannini out of Wild Roe by Wild Dayrell out of Rosaline by Orlando; foaled May 5.

4. CHESTNUT FILLY by Paganini, out of Clanius (dam of Lord Tara, &c.) by Stockwell; foaled 9th March.

5. CHESTNUT FILLY by Scottish Chief out of Chateleine by Cambuscan out of Fal-lal by Fazzoletto out of Ferina by Venison; foaled March 14th.

Can be seen at Sandgate, Pulbro', on application to W. Lloyd.

At SANDOWN PARK, on FRIDAY, October 17th, being the second day of the Sandown Park October Meeting (under Lord Exeter's conditions), the following RACE HORSES, the property of a Gentleman:—

SALTIER, a brown horse, 5 years.
PORTCULLIS, a bay gelding, 3 years.
VEGETARIAN, a bay colt, 3 years.
ROBERT MACAIRE, a bay colt, 2 years.
MANTLET, a chestnut filly, 2 years.
KILLCRANKIE, a bay entire horse, aged; has served several mares.

Pedigrees, performances, and engagements will be given on the card on the day of sale.

GREAT SALE OF HORSE CLOTHING.

The Carlisle Horse Clothing and Saddlery Company (Limited).—In Liquidation.

MR. RY MILL has received instructions from the Liquidators to SELL by AUCTION at his Repository, Barbican, London, on FRIDAY next, October 24th, and subsequent Fridays, the whole of the manufactured stock, consisting of an immense variety of Horse Clothing, in suits and single sheets, girths, roller, cringles, knee-caps, dog sheets, &c. &c. The next consignment will be sold on Friday next, at one o'clock punctually, may be viewed two days prior, when catalogues may be obtained.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

MR. RY MILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at ELEVEN o'clock, ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY HORSES, suitable for Professional Gentlemen, Tradesmen, Cab Proprietors, and others; active young Cart and Van Horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of Carriages, Carts, Harness, &c.

THE ANDOVER AND WEYHILL HORSE COMPANY (Limited) beg to announce that, having made special arrangements with their agents, they will in future have on SHOW a large number of IRISH and ENGLISH BRED HUNTERS of good quality and character. They have now a very large number on show; amongst them are a few good Servants' Horses. A selection of Riding and Harness Horses, ready for immediate use, always on hand. Also, several horses suitable for Chargers.

Communications addressed to Mr. Lansley, Andover, Hants, or Mr. Newman, Cricklewood (three miles and a half from London on Edgware-road), N.W., will receive prompt attention.

ANDOVER AND WEYHILL HORSE COMPANY (LIMITED).

The Directors of the above Company having decided to hold an ANNUAL SALE of HUNTERS, beg to announce their FIRST SALE will take place at their LONDON ESTABLISHMENT, CRICKLEWOOD, upon THURSDAY, October 23rd, when Messrs. FREEMAN will OFFER for SALE about FORTY high class genuine HORSES, all of which have been hunted at least one season in England or Ireland, and most of them have been purchased from the breeders.

Each horse has been thoroughly tested, and is believed to be sound in every respect. They will be ridden and jumped at the time of sale, and can be seen and tried at Cricklewood three days previous to sale.

BRIGHTON COACH HORSES.
In consequence of the Coach coming off the Road on Monday, October 13th,

MESSRS. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, London, will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, without reserve, on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 22, 1879, FIFTY HORSES which have been working the Brighton Coach. Amongst them will be found useful short-legged, active, strong, Single and Double Harness Horses, Matched Pairs, Teamers and Tandem Leaders, Hunters up to weight, and Cub Hunters fit to go. Can be viewed in the Coach leaving the White Horse Cellar on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 12 o'clock, and on alternate days from the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton. On view at Aldridge's on Monday, October 20, and until the Sale.

W. and S. FREEMAN.

BOX HILL COACH HORSES.

MESSRS. W. and S. FREEMAN, Aldridge's, will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION on WEDNESDAY next, Oct. 22, EIGHT HORSES, all that will be sold out of the Dorking Coach this season. They are useful hard-working animals, full of corn and condition and quiet in Single and Double Harness. On view Monday.

W. and S. FREEMAN.

GREAT SALE OF HUNTERS.—The Andover and Weyhill Horse Company. Inauguration of the First Annual Autumn Sale of Hunters.

MESSRS. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, London, will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Andover and Weyhill Company's Stables at Cricklewood, on THURSDAY, October 23rd, 1879, FORTY HUNTERS, in hard condition and fit to go. The Horses will be on view three days prior to sale, when they can be tried over every description of fences, and will be ridden and jumped at the time of sale. They will be guaranteed in eyes and wind, and veterinary inspection invited.

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RAMSGATE, MARGATE, AND CANTERBURY COACH HORSES.

MESSRS. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, on WEDNESDAY, October 29th, 1879, EIGHTEEN HORSES, which have been working the Ramsgate, Margate, and Canterbury Coach. They are a strong, useful, short-legged, active, young-toothed lot, are good goers, and are quiet in Single and Double Harness, and eight of them are known Hunters.—On view at Aldridge's, on Monday, October 27th, and until the Sale.

W. and S. FREEMAN.

THAMES DITTON COACH HORSES, without Reserve.

MESSRS. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, on WEDNESDAY, October 29th, 1879, TWENTY VALUABLE HORSES. These Horses have all been purchased in Norfolk, and have been most carefully and successfully selected from those Breeders whose Stock has been got by the celebrated Norfolk Trotting Stallions. Many of them are old-fashioned Roadsters showing great power, with pace. Very good-looking matched Teamers, Pairs, Phaeton, and Buggy Horses, and weight-carrying Hunters. A great advantage in purchasing is the knowledge that these Horses have been, for six months, at work in the Coach, and they are all quiet in Harness. They may be seen daily in the Coach, now leaving the Swan at Ditton, at 8.15 a.m., returning from the White Horse Cellar, at 5.0 p.m. On view at Aldridge's, on Tuesday, October 29th, and until the Sale.

W. and S. FREEMAN.

BARNSTAPLE AND ILFRACOMBE COACH HORSES.

ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane.—ON WEDNESDAY, Oct. 29 will be SOLD, by PUBLIC AUCTION, by instructions from the Great Western Railway Company, FIFTEEN HORSES, which have been working the Barnstaple and Ilfracombe Coach. They are useful seasoned machines out of hard work, and sold in consequence of the summer coach coming off the road.

On Monday, October 27.

W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

AUCTION SALE FIXTURES at

A CAVE'S, Moseley-street, Birmingham. Tuesdays next, 21st Oct., Monthly SPECIAL STUD SALE (in addition to the usual Thursday Sales). 5s. includes offering a Horse if unsold.

To secure Stalls they must be engaged early.

Thursday next, 23rd Oct., and every Thursday, the usual Horse Sale, 120 HORSES, including useful Horses from the Midland Railway Company.

Tuesday, 28th Oct., Poultry and Dogs. Further Early Entries for the above Sales Invited.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB, Esher, Surrey.

FIRST AUTUMN MEETING will take place this day, FRIDAY, October 17th. Commencing at 1.30 o'clock.

Frequent trains from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and other stations as advertised.

A Special Train for Members only will leave Waterloo Station from No. 5 Platform at 12.00. HWFA WILLIAMS.

THE NATIONAL DOG SHOW, BIRMINGHAM.

The TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will be held on December 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. Upwards of £1,000 will be awarded in Prizes. Entries Close November 3rd.

Prize Lists and Certificates of Entry on application to the Secretary.

An EXHIBITION of GUNS and SPORTING IMPLEMENTS will be held in the Hall this year. Applications for space to be addressed to

GEORGE BEECH, Secretary.

9, Temple-row, Birmingham.

THE KOSSOLIAN SALT OR BLOOD SALT, FOR HORSES, COWS, OXEN, SHEEP, & CALVES.

Its saline and ferruginous elements prevent languor, exhaustion, want of energy, and loss of appetite. All animals should have an ounce or two of the

KOSSOLIAN or BLOOD SALT mixed with their food, once or twice a week, from the hunter down to the carriage horse and hock.

All young animals, whether colt, calf, or lamb, should have an ounce of

KOSSOLIAN or BLOOD SALT, mixed with their food, for it is a safeguard against contagious diseases, and it is destructive to the parasites in the bronchial tubes, causing that distressing malady the Hoos or Husk. It converts the food, while in the stomach, rapidly into flesh and bone-making elements, and gives a firmness to the flesh to resist all poisonous effluvia, and it also renders all animals capable of enduring with safety the heat of summer and the cold rains and sleet of winter.

Sold in Boxes containing 1 dozen packets, price 12s.

DAY, SON, & HEWITT, 22, DORSET-STREET, BAKER-STREET, LONDON, W.



TO LADIES!!

THE ORIGINAL MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED SHREWSBURY WATERPROOF TWEED CLOAKS, ULSTERS, JACKETS, AND SKIRTS, ARE

E. W. & W. PHILLIPS, 37, HIGH STREET, SHREWSBURY, From whom Patterns of Material, Photographs of shapes and Book of Prices, may be had post free on application.

Gentlemen's Overcoats of the same material.

THORNHILL'S NEW SHOOTING KNIFE. THE GERMAN SILVER SIDES FORM TWO CARTRIDGE EXTRACTORS.

SALES BY AUCTION, etc.

HAMPSHIRE, within easy reach of the Tedworth Vine H.H. and the Hurstley meets, a few minutes' walk from two first-class Railway Stations, reaching there from the metropolis in two hours, and Southampton in one.

TO BE LET, most comfortably FURNISHED, from November 1st to May 1st, a charming FAMILY RESIDENCE, commanding beautiful scenery. It contains four moderate-sized reception rooms, seven principal and secondary bedrooms, well-arranged offices and every necessary convenience. The house is approached by a lodge entrance, and, well placed; will be found good stabling for six horses, coach-houses, &c., well-displayed lawn, pleasure grounds, kitchen gardens, together with about five acres of pasture land, farm buildings, &c.—N.B.—The owner, who is in possession, would be willing to negotiate a temporary exchange of residence in London, the neighbourhood of one of the parks preferred. The tenant would have the produce of two dairy cows, and the present two men-servants would be required to remain.—Cards to view, on Tuesdays and Fridays only in the two following weeks, may be had of Messrs. Frederick Ellen and Son, Estate Agents, Andover.

This advertisement will not be repeated.

NOTTING HILL.—By order of the Executors.—Excellent Freehold Residence near St. John's Church, with possession.—Mr. Davenport will SELL BY AUCTION at The Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, City, on FRIDAY, the 14th November, at TWO o'clock, the excellent FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, No. 37, Lansdowne-crescent, very pleasantly situated on the high ground near to St. John's Church, within a few minutes' walk of the Notting-hill Gate Station, and with good omnibus service to the City and West End; offering a most eligible opportunity of obtaining a Freehold Residence in this favourite neighbourhood, for occupation, or investment. There are seven bed and dressing-rooms, handsome double drawing-room, good dining and breakfast-room, library, kitchen, suitable domestic offices and cellarage. May be viewed prior to Sale. Particulars and conditions of Sale at the Residence; the Mart, of Messrs. Hacon and Turner, Solicitors, 18, Fenchurch-street, E.C., and of Mr. Davenport, Estate Agent and Auctioneer, 32, Queen Victoria-street, City, E.C., and Beckenham, Kent.

GREAT MALVERN AND WORCESTER (between).

TO be LET, FURNISHED, or ON LEASE, unfurnished, a very desirable Family Residence, most pleasantly situate, with spacious accommodation. Stabling, loose boxes, farm buildings, and productive gardens, lawn, lodge entrance, &c. A well known trout stream runs through the property, and three packs of Fox Hounds meet within a short distance. Ten acres of additional park land can be had if required. Apply to Weatherall and Green, Auctioneers and Surveyors, 22, Chancery-lane.

SALMON FISHING in IRELAND.—To be LET, from February next, a good FAMILY RESIDENCE, Furnished. Three reception, six bed rooms, good offices, stabling, garden, viney, greenhouse, pleasure grounds, and two paddocks. Close to railway, post-office, and church. About two miles first-rate salmon fishing. Duhallow country. 80 acres good land, if required, or house and land without fishing.—Apply to "E.M.O.L." Post-office, Castle-ton Roche, Mallow, co. Cork.

WINTER SHOOTING near KILLINEY.—To LET over 11,000 acres of MIXED SHOOTING, mountain, low ground, and cover; few grouse and hares, but fair quantity of woodcock, snipe, and wildfowl; comfortable board and lodging to be had within easy distance on moderate terms; if taken by the year fishing can be let as well.—For particulars or leave to view apply to Mr. John Moriarty, Guerres Farm, Beaumont, Killarney.

SHOOTING BOX.—To LET, cheap, from the first week in November to the end of March next, LYD COTTAGE, Furnished; five bed rooms, two sitting rooms, and other conveniences. Five minutes' walk from Lifford junction on the S.W. Railway; 5,000 acres good moorland shooting, snipe, hares, moorfowl.—Apply "C," 6, Duke-street, Tavistock, Devon.

ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA.—To be LET, handsomely Furnished, a MANSION, in perfect order, on Marina; fourteen bed rooms, bath room, heating apparatus; capital stabling, coachmen's rooms; two extra express trains on St. Leonard's line. Apply to Mr. Rose, 7, Alton-buildings, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

REVERSIONS, ANNUITIES, LIFE INTERESTS, BONDS, SHARES, POLICIES, &c. The highest possible prices are obtained by Messrs. Marsh, Milner and Company, at their Monthly Periodical Sales by Auction (Established 1843). Loans also are arranged, and, if desired, prompt Sales effected by Private Treaty.—Address, 54, Cannon-street, London.

OWNERS OF ESTATES (in any part of the United Kingdom), desirous of realizing their properties by Private Treaty, without incurring preliminary expenses, or publicity, can be assisted in their object by conferring with Messrs. Marsh, Milner, and Company, Land Valuers and Timber Surveyors, 54, Cannon-street, London. Established 1843.

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DRUCE and CO. Manufacturers of all kinds of Furniture, at most moderate prices, Estimates and Catalogues free.—68, 69, and 58, Baker-street, and 3 and 4, King-street, Portland-square, W.

NOTICE.—SPOONS and FORKS in SILVER and in ELECTRO-PLATE.—ELKINGTON and Co., as the result of important improvements in the above Manufactures, are able to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their acknowledged superiority, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price List free by post on application. Purchasers of Silver Spoons and Forks obtain the advantage of any fluctuations in the Silver Market.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE "A. D. C." being Personal Reminiscences of the University Amateur Dramatic Club, Cambridge. By F. C. BURNAND, B.A., Trin. Coll., Camb. Demy 8vo. [Next week.]

OUR HOME IN CYPRUS. By ESMÉ SCOTT STEVENSON. With a map and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. [Next week.]

JACK'S EDUCATION; or How He Learnt Farming. By Professor HENRY TANNER, F.C.S., Senior Member of the Royal Agricultural College, Examiner in the Principles of Agriculture under the Government Department of Science. Large crown 8vo., 4s. [This day.]

FARMING FOR PLEASURE and PROFIT. By ARTHUR ROLAND. Edited by William Abbott.

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CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

A NEW ANNUAL FOR CHILDREN.

On OCTOBER 27 will be published, in coloured wrapper, price 6d., post free 7½d.

HAPPY DAYS; being the "LITTLE FOLKS" ANNUAL for 1880, and containing a "Little Folks" Calendar for 1880, Christmas Stories, Indoor Games and Amusements, Acting Charades, Songs, Recitations, Riddles, Puzzles, &c., together with full particulars of many New Prize Competitions, with numerous Illustrations by Kate Greenaway, M. E. Edwards, J. C. Staples, F. Giacomelli, C. Gregory, G. G. Kilburne, &c., &c.

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AS "M A W W O R M ."

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THE TIME OF ROSES.—New song by CHARLES EDWARD JERNINGHAM, author of the favourite melody "Memories." Post free 24 stamps. Hopwood and Crew, 42, New Bond-street.

CLARKE'S THEATRES, GAMES, and CONJURING TRICKS.—Illustrated Catalogue of Miniature Theatres, Magic Lanterns, Models, Games, and Magic, post-free, one stamp.

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THE MAGIC PURSE, which cannot be opened without knowing the secret, yet the performer can take the money out or place it in before the very eyes of the company. Post-free for 14 stamps.

H. G. CLARKE & CO., Head-Quarters for Theatres, Games, and Magic, 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

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CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin and Blood Diseases its effects are marvellous. In bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases (containing six times the quantity) 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address, for 30 or 132 stamps, by the Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE, Chemist, Apothecaries' Hall, London.

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HORSE AUCTIONS.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at NEWMARKET, on TUESDAY, October 21st.

ANDREW, a brown yearling colt by Massanissa out of Fenella (dam of Arthur and Away) by Chevalier d'Industrie, grandam Jeu des Mots by King Tom out of Jeu d'Esprit by Flateatcher.

MADAME CELESTE (foaled 1866) by Ben Webster out of Excitemt by Annandale out of Emotion by Emilius out of Y. Maniac (by Shuttle out of Offa—Syke's dam) by Tramp.

BAY COLT by The Marshall (by General Pecl) out of Everlasting by King Tom, her dam Eva by Coranna.

The property of a Gentleman.

COLT, 2 years, old by Cathedral out of Insane's dam.

The property of a Gentleman.

STITCHERY, 3 years old, by St. Albans, out of Patchwork (bred by Lord Granville in 1867) by Y. Melbourne, her dam Makeshift by Voltigeur out of Makeless.

The property of a Gentleman.

BAY COLT by Joskin out of Armilla by Thormanby.

BAY FILLY by Joskin, out of Tares, dam by Lord Clifden out of The Doe.

The following well-bred TWO-YEAR-OLDS (under Lord Exeter's conditions), the property of a Gentleman.

SUMMER BREEZE, a chestnut mare by Favonius out of Tit by Y. Birdcatcher—Telltale by Newminster—Peach by Alarm—Preserve by Emilius.

GREY DAWN, a grey mare by The Warrior out of Beatrice Grey by D'Estournel out of Irish Belle (Oxford Mixture's dam) by Kingston.

OSMAN, a bay colt by The Warrior out of Nectarine by Brahma out of Lady Emma by Orlando.

CHELFORD, a bay colt by Lord Lyon, dam by Knowsley.

All the above have great size, bone, and power, and are too big to have been done much with, but are fine goers in training, and believed to be sound, and are adapted for steeplechasers, as they are all up to great weight.

PRINETTE (foaled 1870), a brown mare by Robin Hood, or Wild Dayrell out of Christiansa, by Nutkin out of Lady Sale, by Muley Moloch sold by Miss Clifton, by Partisan; covered by Pero Gomez.

On Wednesday in the Houghton Meeting, the following MARES and FOALS, the property of Dudley Milner, Esq., and E. C. Ker-Seymer, Esq. (sold in consequence of the latter Gentleman being unable to reside at Hanford, where his Paddocks are situated).

1. PULSATILLA (foaled 1862), the dam of Curtius, Anemone, &c., by Orlando out of Mulligrubs by Melbourne out of Blue Devils, by Velocipede; covered by Joskin, April 23rd.

2. ALAMANDA, a bay filly foal, by Strathconan out of Pulsatilla.

3. CARITA (dam of Princess Alice, &c.) by Adventurer out of Charity by Melbourne; covered by Joskin, April 23rd.

4. MISS STRIDE, a bay filly foal by Cremorne out of Carita.

5. BAY YEARLING COLT by Restitution out of Carita.

6. CHESNUT FILLY-FOAL (sister to Massena) by Victorious out of Cora Pearl.

7. CORA PEARL (foaled 1863), dam of Triumphant, Cheetah, Massena, and Duval, by Mandricta out of Cora Linne by Ravenshill or Turnus out of Mrs. Walker by Jereed; covered by Alyre.

8. CHESNUT COLT-FOAL by Lord Lyon out of Madame Angot, by Macaroni.

9. MADAME ANGOT (foaled 1873), dam of Orchestra, by Macaroni out of Wensleydale by Colsterdale; covered by Pero Gomez.

10. CONTANGO, a yearling colt by Caterer out of Madame Angot.

11. MANON LESAUT (foaled 1872) by Adventurer out of Bab at the Bowster by Annandale (by Touchstone out of Alice Hawthorn's dam) out of Queen Mary (dam of Blink Bonny); covered by Alyre.

12. PRIMAVERA, a bay filly foal by Springfield out of the above.

N.B.—This is her second foal.

13. QUEEN BEE (foaled 1858), dam of Lord of the Valley, &c., by King Tom out of Clementina by Venison; covered by Macgregor and Alyre. This mare is in foal.

14. MADRIDA, three years old, by Adventurer out of Devotion by Stockwell out of Alcestis by Touchstone. This mare is a maiden.

15. DIANA (foaled 1874), by Lord Clifden out of Kromeski by Muscovite out of Pastrycook by Sweetmeat; covered by Lemnos.

16. TETERRIMA (foaled 1858), dam of La Belle Hélène and Collingbourne by Voltigeur out of Wild Dayrell's dam; covered by King Lud. This mare is in foal.

17. EIRENE (winner of the Hardwicke Stakes at Stockton) 2 years old, by Adventurer out of Armistice by Rataplan—Hermione by Kingston. Also, the STALLION.

18. ALTYRE, by Blair Athol out of Lovelace by Sweetmeat out of Phoebe by Touchstone.

On WEDNESDAY, October 22 (unless sold by private treaty), the property of a Gentleman.

BROWN FILLY by Struan out of E

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for five children, and when he left his home he left it without a crust. He told the tale himself; of course he had no shame, or he would not have lived to tell it. He got up in the early morning and sneaked out of the house with his wife's boots (very indifferent ones), but the only ones in the family, and invaluable to her, for without them she could not go to her labour, and get scant bread for the children of this drunken savage. Upon these boots he raised ninepence at the pawn-broker's, and spent it at the next tavern for gin. This wretch was in the church choir at Portland, and took the sacrament regularly." Here is a story of another kind, a very sad one indeed:—

"It is sometimes an infraction of prison rules to do things which are absolutely a necessity, and which I have yet seen frequently punished by deprivation of food and loss of marks. It is, of course, at the option of warders to report men for such offences, or not to report them. An officer having charge of a ward, and who has in any of his cells a prisoner who is obnoxious to him, can always make an occasion to get rid of him, and many are unscrupulous enough to exercise their 'little brief authority.' . . . One Sunday morning, I think it was in 1875, but as diaries are not allowed in convict prisons I cannot fix the exact date, an event occurred in what is called E Hall, at Portland, which should have been a stern rebuke to the class of officers who misuse the power with which they are invested. A very young man named Wills, of former respectability and of some education and intelligence, was the occupant of a cell upon the top landing of the hall. He had been suffering for several weeks from diarrhoea, and had been on more than one occasion subjected to punishment for committing an act which it was quite impossible for him to avoid. On this Sunday morning he repeated the so-called offence under necessity, and his warder notified him that on Monday morning he should report him to the governor. Poor young Wills had nearly completed his sentence; he had but a few weeks to serve; his anxious and heart-broken mother was making preparation to welcome home her prodigal son; he was counting the days which stood between him and his freedom; his prison spoon had served him for a 'wooden calendar,' and he had just scored off with childish glee 'the daily notch.'

"To be taken before the governor on Monday morning was to be condemned to at least another week of imprisonment. The threat was too horrible to the poor boy; he was in exceedingly delicate health—consumption had wasted his frame; he had told me that the highest of his hopes for this world was that he might be restored to freedom, in order to die in his mother's arms. Another week! The thought was too dreadful for a mind weakened by a combination of disease, dissipation, and remorse. He could be patient no longer under 'hope deferred.' He made one spring over the balustrade, and his body lay upon the flags below; the leap was as from the top of a four storey house, and it was fatal. He was carried to the infirmary, and, when the prison bell tolled for vespers, he had gone to his everlasting rest.

"I recollect this young Wills very well some seven years ago. He was at that time a clerk in the office of a Covent-garden hotel, which was once the resort of the 'famous,' who desired to beguile the bewitching hour; but is now, I believe, a favourite rendezvous of a very different class.

"The boy was often thrown into the society of sporting men; he became 'horsey,' and 'made a book.' I have just spoken the epilogue to his drama of life."

Records of York Castle: Fortress, Court-house, and Prison. By A. W. TWYFORD, Gov. H.M. Prison, York Castle; and Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, author of "Memorials of Millbank," &c. London: Griffith and Farran.

In this volume the authors present us with a series of the most stirring pictures of past times in connection with the ancient capital of North Britain and its once mighty castle, the changeable fortunes of which provide us with a great store of varied records, making a very readable book of more than ordinary interest. Many curious morsels of antiquarian lore crop up as we progress through its pages, and some startling examples of the wisdom, justice, cruelty, and heroism of our forefathers in the North. The book is liberally illustrated with woodcuts and photographs. One of its very interesting chapters puts the saddle on the right horse with regard to the famous ride to York popularly attributed to Dick Turpin, which was really performed not by that hero of the Newgate Calendar, but by a less coarse and brutal ruffian, John Brace, alias John Nevison, of whom the queer old ballad tells:—

"Did you ever hear tell of that hero,
Bold Nevison, that was his name,
He rode about like a bold hero,
And with that he gained great fame."

"The story goes that he had committed a robbery in London just before dawn, and being recognised he jumped on his horse and made for the North. By sunset—that is to say, in fifteen hours, taking the sun's rise at four a.m. and its setting at seven p.m.—he entered York, having ridden the same mare just 200 measured miles. He was afterwards captured there, but proved a nearly unanswerable *alibi*. It was shown on his trial that he was seen on the bowling green at York on the evening of the day the robbery was committed in London. The London witnesses swore positively to him, but neither judge nor jury would believe them, and Nevison was acquitted. Charles II. christened him 'Swift Nick.' Turpin was a rascal of greater criminality, and altogether a more repulsive character, who was hanged at York, April 17, 1739. The authors, commenting upon Nevison's personal strength and his mare's power of endurance, say the feat he performed "was equalled by that of John Lepton, of York, Esquire to James I., who, for a wager, undertook to ride on six consecutive days between London and York, and performed it accordingly." He first set out from Aldersgate, May 20, 1606, and accomplished the journey every day before it was dark "to the great praise of his strength in acting, than to his discretion in undertaking it" says Fuller in his "Worthies." "Of course he rode a fresh animal every day, and there is nothing to show that he did not change every ten miles. Lepton selected the period of the year near to the longest day, and fortune similarly favoured Nevison, the former riding 20th to 26th May, the latter probably in the same month some sixty odd years afterwards."

Paris Herself Again. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. In two volumes. London: Remington and Co.

In these two handsome, sprightly, profusely-illustrated volumes of gossiping reminiscences Mr. G. A. Sala tells familiarly the story of his sojourn in Paris last year. They are eminently readable and amusing, and the light, humorous pen-and-ink sketches by famous French artists, with more careful and elaborate drawings of objects of interest and art from the Exhibition, give it four hundred additional and attractive charms. In his introduction the author says:—"It is my fortune, or misfortune, to know, intimately or slightly, a vast number of people in all ranks and conditions of life," to avoid whom he sought out-of-the-way lodgings in the more obscure part of Paris, for, says he, "I had no wish to hear on the *Boulevard des Capucines* the same interminable chatter on the Eastern Question—wither the Eastern Question!—and the same club, 'society,' and theatrical stories and scandals which I had been hearing since

the beginning of the London season in Pall Mall or Fleet-street—or in Seven Dials and Brick-lane, Spitalfields, if you like. I had no ambition to hear Codrus recite his *Thescaid* at the Grand Hotel, or to meet Smudge, A.R.A., in the *Rue de la Paix*, and be scowled at by him because I had written some unpalatable things about his picture of 'The Maniacal Sunday School Teacher' in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. And, finally, I shrank from meeting the people who, I felt sure, would ask me to dinner. There are, I believe, a host of Britons so hospitable that their chief occupation in life is to ask people to dinner. Throughout the London season they lie in wait for guests; and, when the season is at an end, they rush over to Paris and roam up and down the English frequented streets for the sole purpose of making captives of their bow and spear, or rather of their knife and fork, invites. I was in bad health when I went to Paris. I cannot ever be in good health again, and half at least of my days are spent in the acutest physical pain, and every dinner which I cannot have the choosing of myself is so much bodily and mental torture, and another nail in my coffin. And I abhor *tables d'hôte*; holding, as I do, that it is abominable tyranny to be forced to dine with people whom you would certainly not ask to dine with you. The majority of English people whom you meet at a foreign *table d'hôte* are either sulky or silly (I know that I am both by turns), and I prefer to dine in my own room, or at a restaurant, where I can eat as I read—to the detriment of digestion—quarrel with my food, scold my companion, snarl at the waiter, and feel comfortable. . . . In this nice, sociable, and amiable frame of mind I gave my compatriots in Paris the widest of berths, and 'paid between four and five guineas a week' for 'a couple of little rabbit-hutch-like rooms,' ill-ventilated, on the second floor above the *entresol* in the *Hôtel St. Phar*, a house then overcrowded with visitors, and almost exclusively frequented by Belgians. Of the French hotelkeeper Mr. Sala says: "When I first entered his establishment and ordered breakfast I was a total stranger to him; but after half-a-dozen visits we came to be looked upon as regular clients, and the landlord became a genial and considerate friend. And this I hold to be the way of the French. At first sight they may strike you as being greedy for money, even to the verge of rapacity; but, as soon as they come to know you they turn out to be, not only obliging, but really affectionate folks, who will do anything for you." On another page Mr. Sala says: "When my old and true friend, Mr. Edward L. Lawson, one of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, and chief editor of that journal, dismissed me on my mission with the heartiest of good wishes, and a pocketful of money, his instructions amounted in effect to this: 'Don't bother yourself about the Exhibition. Go there when you feel inclined; but, for the rest, walk about and see things, and tell us all about them.' These instructions, allowing myself a reasonable margin, I endeavoured to follow, and the result is 'Paris Herself Again.'"

BY-THE-BYE,

all the varied utterances of gloom and despondency bewailing the present position and prospects of our stage—these desperate outcries for monetary help—these vague clamourings for dramatic reform; and wild whirling schemes for a "national" or State-endowed theatre, are not a little perplexing.

The Marquis Townshend invites us to establish forthwith "at Covent Garden Theatre or Drury Lane (until Her Majesty's Theatre falls to the Crown)" if the proprietors will "let on moderate terms" what he calls "a National Theatre, and Royal Dramatic Academy in connection therewith."

He proposes that "a supervising committee of noblemen and gentlemen, who have taken an interest in the furtherance of dramatic art," should select "the best of the actors." That they should tempt them by the promise of "moderate salaries," to submit to the indignity of "a three or six months' trial," with the view of winning a pension, which is to give the "noblemen and gentlemen" aforesaid a "prior claim to their services whenever they may be out of an engagement." And also the right to demand their services for afternoon performances, "subject to a money penalty for refusal."

Will you sing, Marquis? Here is an excellent good song, from *As You Like It* :—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please.
Ducdame, duckdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An' if he will come to me.

But, Marquis, why should "the best of the actors," who are now displaying that "real devotion to their art" which alone can command excellence, refuse large in favour of "moderate salaries?" And why should proprietors of theatres any more than the proprietors of shops, or other property specially desirable, prefer "moderate" to heavy rents? And why should actors, who years ago were tried and pronounced by the most eminent dramatic critics and the public, "best" submit to the indignity of a further "three or six months' trial" of their abilities at the implied superior judgment, seat of "noblemen and gentlemen" for the prospect of a "moderate salary" and a pension which they neither seek nor need? And lastly, Oh! Marquis Townsend, why not simply say "a committee of gentlemen" which could include noblemen, unless you mean to infer, as I think you do not, that noblemen are not necessarily gentlemen even if they take sufficient "interest in the furtherance of dramatic art" to open theatres for stage-struck "ladies" whose previous experiences are not such as elevate either their names or characters in the estimation of those who know them.

I derive my knowledge of Marquis Townshend's curious scheme from certain "proposals" printed and forwarded to "all those who are known or believed to be favourable to the cause."

Mrs. Pfeiffer's letter to the *Times* puts forward a somewhat different plea. She says:—

"It may be very true that a State-aided theatre—the question of which has been so often mooted and demurred to—is an institution unsuited to our national genius, but I believe there is no cause to show why the purchase and endowment of a house by private persons should be open to a similar objection." And taking for granted the fact of "the drama being a union and concrete of all the arts, and, therefore naturally powerful beyond any single one in stirring and awakening dormant sensibilities," forming as it has formed and "probably ever will form, the sole appeal of art through which toiling millions of our fellow-men can be reached."

She adds:—

"The multiform plans on foot for relieving the condition of our fellow-beings, from our human brethren downwards to the lost cats of our streets, afford sufficient proof of the vastness of the sum of benevolence which is afloat among us. In the face of such tokens, it should certainly not be regarded as an unreasonable agitation that there might be found in this land, let us say, 100 persons ready to back their belief in the high schooling power of art by coming forward with £1,000 each for the establishment of a fund for its advancement in the manner indicated. Such a temple of art, lifted above the thunders of 'the gods,' and uninfluenced by their preference for folly and buffoonery, sustained by a committee of the best disciplined taste of the time, and presided over by one having the breadth of intellectual training like that, let us say, of Prince Leopold, would become a meeting-ground and rallying-point of the nobility of mind, and a standard of excellence to

all loyal aspirants. It may be that this will sound to some exclusive; but exclusion is far from my thought. However true it is that the higher class of which I have made mention is, in relation to any permanent provision for its dramatic entertainment, the very poorest of the poor, the ends of an institution such as I am here supposing would be ill-answered if a generous hospitality were not offered to all who could be attracted by its wholesome fare. An endowed theatre would be able, and should be heedful, to open its doors at a tempting price to public of which the members would have to regard themselves as to some extent the guests of the providers."

Benevolence and generosity, sound common-sense, earnestness, and thoughtfulness, put the lady's scheme in advance of that matured by the noblemen who wishes to associate with "gentlemen" by virtue of his "interest in the furtherance of dramatic art." But of what use will the stage be as that great moral and refining agent which high art, with patient, earnest effort alone always make it, when if, to quote Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer's letter again, "a theatre were established under its protection, it might not, indeed, be competent to force the millions to drink at the spring provided—might not even succeed in leading any large numbers to the water," for seeing what I see and knowing what I know, I cannot believe, as this kindly-hearted, high-souled lady does, that "the bare fact of the existence of a pure source sanctioned by the most vital element of society would be felt as a standing rebuke—it might even be hoped as a permanent check—to the worst excesses of depravity and licentiousness." So long as those who seek and find pleasure in "the worst excesses of depravity and licentiousness" can make it worth the while of managers to pander to their degrading desires, so long will such managers flourish and laugh to scorn the futile rivalry of "the pure source sanctioned by," &c. Playgoers of contrasting kinds always have existed, and probably ever will exist; some for want of refinement or education, or by nature, sensual and low in their tastes, others vicious, or merely idle pleasure-seekers, selfishly devoid of a single earnest generous instinct, thought, or feeling; and some instinctively artistic, or intellectual, with refined cultivated tastes and aspirations. Each of these classes may be attracted to that form and place of amusement which comes down to or ascends to its special requirements, but no one will find satisfaction in that which pleases and attracts the other, even if the price of admission be low enough to make them guests rather than patrons. The noise-loving music-hall "cad" will spend in one night for drink and smoking at a "variety" entertainment a sum which would provide him with three or four evenings' superior amusement of a wholesome or elevating character at, say the Lyceum Theatre under Mr. Irving's management.

Mrs. Pfeiffer's remarks upon "the gods" are unjust. Is it "the thunders of 'the gods'" that make popular those inane ministerings to idleness and sensuality in West-end theatres, which are supported almost exclusively by "stalls and boxes"? It is not "the god" who leers up under "the white ashes of burnt-out passion" into the painted, brazen faces of more than half-naked women, who are not artists, not ladies, but are what I do not care to call them, able neither to sing nor dance nor act, but tolerated and applauded for their beauty and impudence, not by "the thunders of the gods," but by the kid-gloved applause of "noblemen and gentlemen" who take an interest in the furtherance of dramatic art (of this kind), and are popularly known as "patrons of the drama." Such patronage—heaven help the stage that needs it!

The Bishop of Manchester, at the Social Science Congress on the 4th instant, was nearer the mark in saying:—

He thought there was a healthier moral taste in the middle and lower class of this community than in the upper classes, and he noticed that the worst type of plays appeared on the London stage in the fashionable season. He believed the plays enacted in the winter, which were mainly attended by the middle classes, were from the moral point of view healthier entertainments than those presented to the fashionable people in the London season.

The working class standard of morality was more real than that of the higher classes, and he applauded any tendency in the lower and middle classes to his off the stage anything that repelled their notions of a wholesome morality. It seems to me that the stage of to-day is very like what the stage has ever been. It has always been regarded as a mirror which art holds up to nature, and when we are disgusted or dissatisfied with the images it reflects, it becomes us to investigate not only the quality of the looking-glass, but also that which stands before it. Vice will shrink abashed from its own image, crying out against the mirror as a distorting one, trying hard to believe in its own false accusation, but in its heart of hearts it knows where the ugliness is, and in that knowledge admits that even thus the stage works truly if secretly onward to its higher purpose. We shall drive these naked beauties of the pave back to their native gutters, when audiences are purified and reformed—not before. With that great end in view, the work before the chivalrous moral Hercules is something far more serious, difficult, desperate, and patient—trying than that of spending a few hundreds of thousands of pounds in the founding and endowment of a "national" theatre.

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

At Aldridge's Repository on Saturday upwards of 100 horses were sold by auction, and brought fair prices.

The West Wickham and Beckenham coach has been taken off the road, and the London and Brighton run its last journey on Monday, starting from Brighton and finishing at Piccadilly.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and suite witnessed the performance of *The Iron Chest* at the Lyceum on Saturday evening.

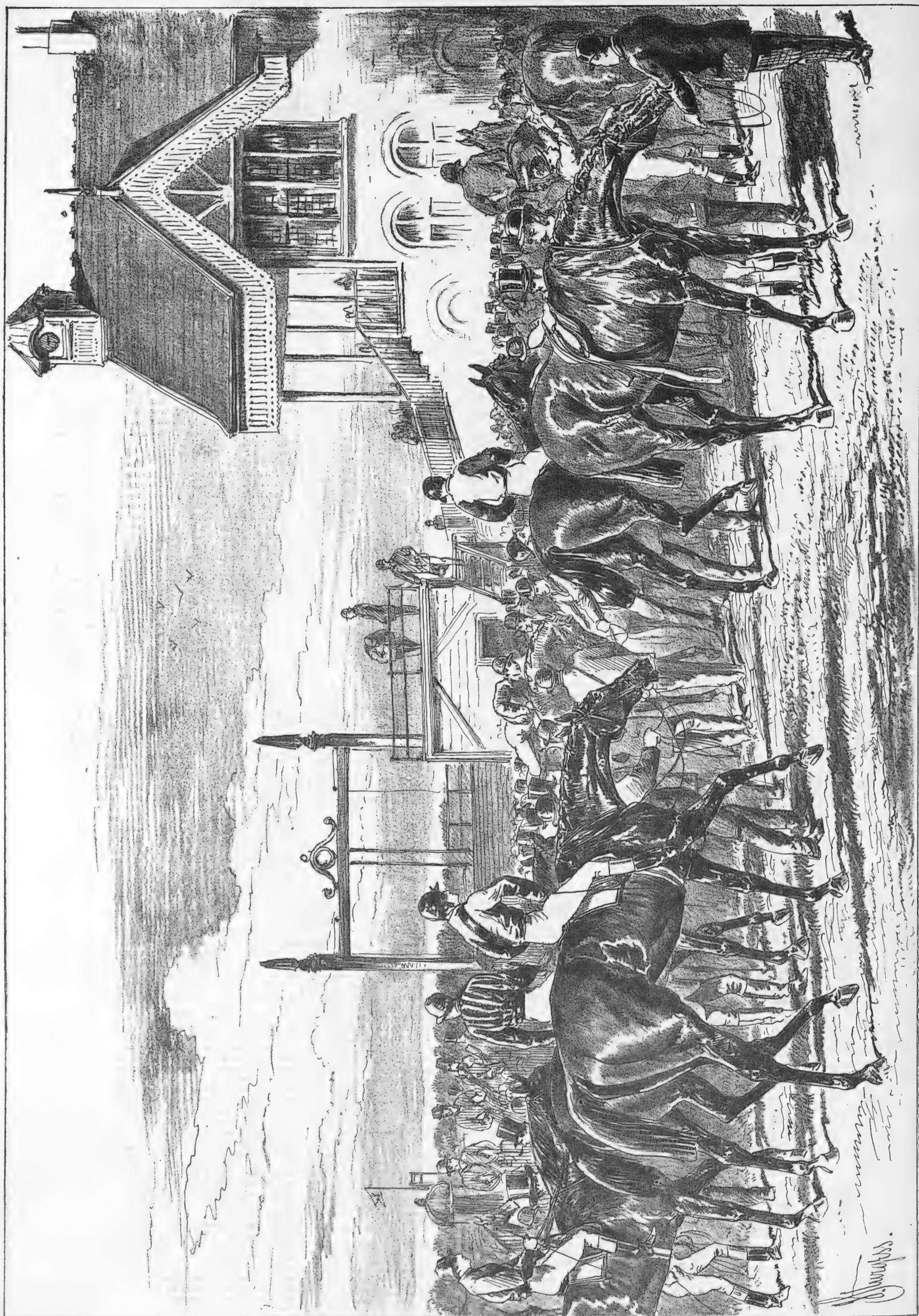
The West Kent Foxhounds on Saturday morning met at Eridge Castle, near Tunbridge Wells, the seat of the Marquis of Abergavenny, for the purpose of cub-hunting, at which there was a large attendance of sportsmen. Foxes were plentiful, and the cubs were mostly full-grown and fleet goers, so that should the season be anything like propitious some capital hunting may be anticipated.

WASHINGTON IRVING, says an American contemporary, seems to be losing his hold upon the play-going public. The fate of *Wolfer's Roost* at Wallack's, and *Sleepy Hollow* at the Academy, were foreshadowed by the failure of *Rip Van Winkle* at the Fifth Avenue. Will the Grand Opera-house engagement of Mr. Jefferson resuscitate him?

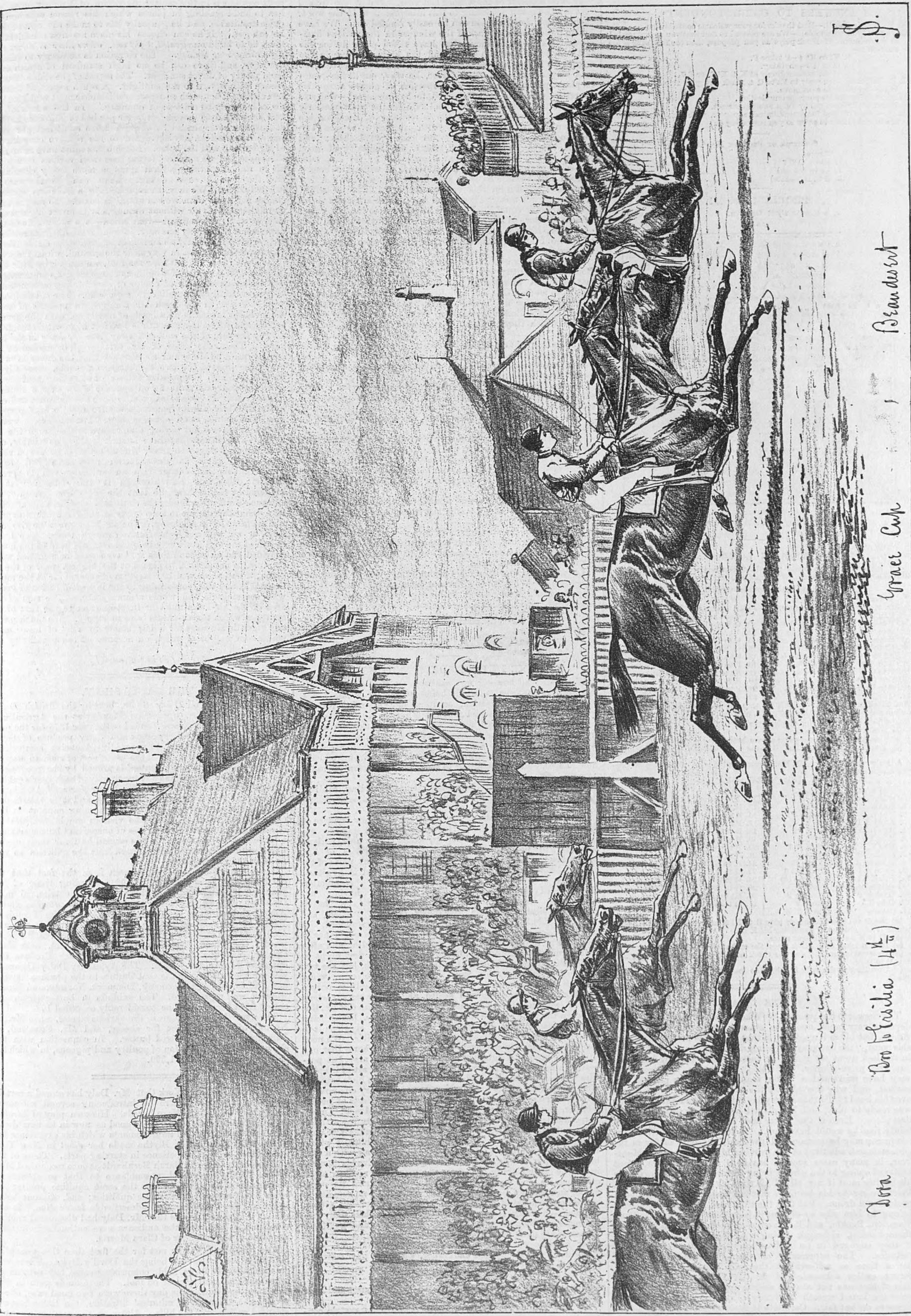
Rescued, says *The Spirit*, still holds the boards at Booth's, and Manager Boucicault reports that it is witnessed by large audiences. One of his actors uttered an unconscious *bon mot* the other day. "They tell me," said he, "that we are playing to 1,700 dols. and 1,900 dols. houses. That's good business, isn't it? But what puzzles me is, that I can't see the people in front."

Mozart's grave in Vienna has been utterly demolished by some Vandals. Professor Poninger offered to restore it again. There is only one little difficulty about it, viz., that nobody knows the precise spot where the immortal composer's mortal remains were buried. He was so poor when he died that fifteen shillings (eight florins) was all the capital he left, and the gravedigger who buried him having died two days afterwards, it is actually unknown exactly where the remains now rest.

AN extra day's shooting took place on Monday at the enclosure in connection with the William IV., Kensal-green, which was largely attended.



THE CESAREWITCH.—THE BIRDCAKE AFTER THE RACE.



CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. E. K. (Liverpool).—Best thanks for your welcome contribution.
ORTAKENI (Constantinople).—We are pleased to find that you are interested in our column. If Black plays as you propose, then the following is the solution:—

1. Kt to Kt 4—P takes P.
2. Q to Q 3—anything.
3. Q mates accordingly at K 4, Kt 3, or R 7.

J. R. (Brighton).—In reply to Kt to Q 4, Black can play P to R 5, and then White cannot mate next move.

H. F. D.—Thanks for your communication.

Solution of Problem 248 by Julia Short is correct.

E. M.—Much obliged for your admirable papers. We like your idea very much, and intend to write to you respecting it.

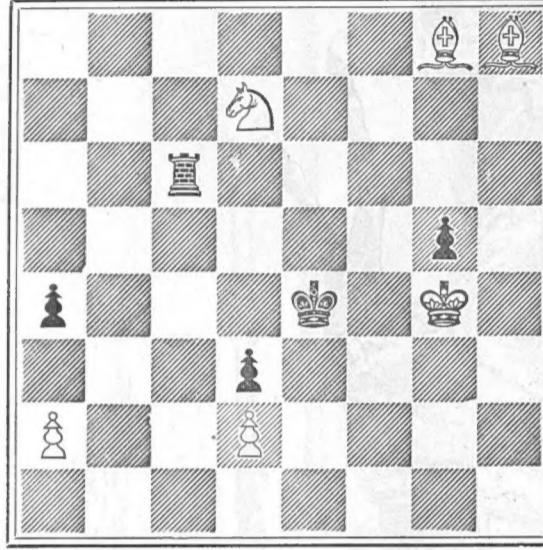
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 249.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 7 K to B 4
2. Kt to R 6 (ch) K takes R
3. Q to B 6 (mate)

PROBLEM NO. 251.

By R. ORMOND.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An instructive game lately played at Simpson's Divan between Mr. James Mason and the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw.

[The Centre Counter Gambit.]

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.
(Mr. Mason.) (Mr. Earnshaw.) (Mr. Mason.) (Mr. Earnshaw.)
1. P to K 4 P to Q 4 12. Castles K R K R to Q sq (d)
2. P takes P Kt to K B 3 13. Q R to Q sq K to K B 5
3. P to Q B 4 (a) P to K 3 (b) 14. Kt to Q R 4 B to K B 4
4. P takes P B takes P 15. Q to Kt 3 B takes B
5. Kt to K B 3 Kt to B 3 16. Q takes B Kt to Q 5
6. Kt to B 3 B to Q B 4 (c) 17. Kt takes Kt R takes Kt
7. B to K 2 P to Q R 3 18. P to Kt 3 Q to Q 3
8. P to Q R 3 Q to Q 3 19. Kt to B 5 B to R 6
9. P to Q Kt 4 B to Q 5 20. K R to K sq Q to B 3
10. B to Kt 2 Castles K R 21. P to B 3 Q R to Q sq
11. Qto B 2 P to R 3 22. Kt to Kt 3

And Black perceiving his inability to stop the advance of White's Q P, or obtain any equivalent for his lost pawn, resigned.

(a) The most prudent line of play here is P to Q 4.

(b) P to B 3 is preferable.

(c) This B might have gone one square farther and have fared better.

(d) Ignoring the claim of the Q R to the possession of Q sq in the opening.

A lively game between Mr. MacDonnell and one of the strongest provincial players.

[King's Kt Gambit.]

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.
(Mr. MacDonnell.) (Mr. A.) (Mr. MacDonnell.) (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4 P to K 4 15. R takes Kt Q takes R
2. P to K B 4 P takes P 16. B takes B Q to Kt 2
3. Kt to K B 3 P to Kt Kt 4 17. P to K 5 P takes P
4. B to B 4 B to Kt 2 18. B to K 5 (c) Kt to B 3
5. P to Q 4 P to Q 3 19. B takes Kt Q takes B
6. P to K R 4 P to K R 3 20. B takes P (ch) K to B sq
7. P takes P P takes P 21. B to B 4 B to Kt 2
8. R takes R B takes R 22. Kt to Kt sq P to K 5 (d)
9. Kt to B 3 Kt to Q B 3 23. Q to Q B 5 (ch) Q to Q 3
10. P to K T 3 P to K 5 (a) 24. Q to B 5 (ch) B to B 3 (e)
11. Q B takes P P takes Kt 25. Q to Kt 6 K to K 2
12. Q takes P Kt takes P 26. Kt to Q 5 K to Q sq
13. Q to R 5 Q to B 3 27. Q takes B Resigns.

(a) Black can advantageously play B to Kt 5, and avoid the sharp attack which White obtains by sacrificing his Kt.

(b) Kt to K 3 seems his best move.

(c) If Q B takes K P, Black forces the exchange of Queens and wins.

(d) Overlooking or despising the check at Q B 5; his proper course here was R to Q sq.

(e) Unwilling to draw, he is obliged to lose; he ought to have interposed the Q.

CHESS CHAT.

The answer to the question—"Who is the best English player?" depends very much upon the sense in which the word is used. At the first blush it might seem that there was no difficulty as to this point, "the best player" being rightfully the title of him who in the last great set match or international tourney has come out first prize-winner. But to this I reply: Circumstances may have prevented a better man from taking part in the contest, and why then should the actual conqueror be placed over his head? To this it may be rejoined that the man who was ready to play, and has played and won, is entitled to the first place. Even if the better man had played it is not a certainty that he would have won. To this I answer: Well, the conqueror may be pronounced the best, but only so far as the circumstances admitted of his proving himself to be so. Moreover, in many cases success has been to a very large extent achieved owing to the winner being in form for play; owing to his having most if not all of his time at his own disposal—in short, owing to his being in matters apart from the game a professional drone. But that the title, best, does not necessarily belong to him who so obtains it is evident from facts. Thus Staunton, Buckle, and Boden enjoyed successively the English championship, although during a portion of their tenure of it they engaged in no serious matches, and won no great victories. The superiority of each of these players was for a time so self-evident that all reasonable and competent critics acknowledged it. It follows then that the title of best was not always accorded to the man upon whose brow the laurel wreath of victory bloomed greenest, and this seems to me but fair. Certainly it is accordant with a principle that obtains in analogous cases. Thus—in answer to the question—who is the greatest general of this age? no just man would

say Sir Garnet Wolseley, so long as Moltke lives. Again, no man would be justified in declaring the winner of the Derby this year to be superior to the winner last year. But if the title of best is to be given according to this interpretation of the word, then I think the champion can be easily singled out. We have but to get down the names of the winners in the various first-class matches and tourneys that have taken place during the last two, or five, or ten years, and the highest scorer in the aggregate is the champion. But I am inclined to hold that the best player is the best game-maker, he who, out of the games he plays, produces the largest proportion of games acceptable to critics generally acknowledged to be competent—who sets before us the prettiest pictures, and exhibits the most masterly strategy. Perhaps after all the fairest way of deciding the question is to consider it with reference to the two meanings I have ascribed to the word best; and if this course be adopted, I think the majority of good judges would pronounce Mr. Blackburne to be the most deserving of the title; and I am all the more willing to bestow it upon him because he is a singularly modest man. A few days ago I asked him this very question, "Who is the best?" And his answer was, "There is no best; there are about six or seven perfectly equal." I believe he referred to the following: Messrs. Potter, Wisker, Burn, Boden, MacDonnell, Bird, and, of course, himself. I am not now counting Americans, or of course I should include in this list Messrs. Mason and Mackenzie.

Several gentlemen, I understand, have disclaimed to Mr. Boden their identity with "Y," who figured in my anecdote last week. A blundering friend of mine thus reports the matter to me:—"Oh, H., and J., and S., have all apologised to Mr. Boden for not having said that he is inferior to each of them!" Mr. Boden explained to them that the story was a joke, to which they replied querulously, "That they didn't see the joke."

At the City of London Club a special general meeting will be held on the 17th instant, when the programme for the winter season will be arranged, and all subscriptions now due by members will be looked for.

At the Grand Café in Buchanan-street, Glasgow, a chess saloon has recently been opened, and I am glad to hear that it is liberally patronised by the fraternity.

In the great match at New York, the score is—Delmar, 3; Barnes, 2; drawn 1.

M. Delannoy, who has won so many prizes as a chess essayist, and whose kindly disposition and genial manners have endeared him to all his London friends, is about to publish in English and French a volume of selections from his writings. Intending subscribers should address the author at 42, Leicester-square, London.

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I have to hail the appearance of two new chess columns, one in the *Leeds Mercury*, of which report speaks well, the other in *Walter Petham's Illustrated Journal*, which is conducted on a new plan and in excellent style.

Let me conclude with a little conundrum, "a poor thing, but mine own." What is the difference between M. (a very daring player) and Z. (a very—well, let me say—unlucky player)? M. is generally over bold, Z. generally bowl'd over.

MARS.

Several gentlemen, I understand, have disclaimed to Mr. Boden their identity with "Y," who figured in my anecdote last week. A blundering friend of mine thus reports the matter to me:—"Oh, H., and J., and S., have all apologised to Mr. Boden for not having said that he is inferior to each of them!" Mr. Boden explained to them that the story was a joke, to which they replied querulously, "That they didn't see the joke."

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(To be continued.)

THE DAIRY SHOW.

THE fourth annual Dairy Show, held by the British Dairy Farmer's Association, opened on Monday at the Agricultural Hall. The association was formed in the year 1876 for the purpose of improving the dairy stock and dairy produce of Great Britain with a view to meet the rapidly-advancing competition from foreign countries. That the usefulness of such an association has been generally recognised is proved by the progressive increase of its members and the superiority of each year's exhibition to its predecessor. The British Dairy Farmers' Association deserves the greatest credit for its efforts, and it is satisfactory to observe that they are obtaining increasing support in this country. In order to afford the visitors ample facilities for observing the interesting processes of cheese and butter making, a large space was set apart in the central hall for these operations, so that they could be witnessed from the galleries as well as from the ground floor.

The extent of the show will be seen from the fact that the entries in all classes numbered 1,469, exceeding those of last year by 220. In cattle alone there were 247 entries, 15 more than last year, which greatly exceeded any of the previous shows. Among the exhibitors of cattle were the Queen, the Marquis of Exeter (whose exhibits include the bulls Telemachus VI. and IX.), the Duke of Northumberland, Mr. J. Walter, M.P., Bearwood; the Stand Stud Company of Whitefield, near Manchester; and the Suburban Farm and Dairy Produce Cooperative Supply Association. The Aylesbury Dairy Company was conspicuous among the contributors to the produce classes, and France, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Norway, and Russia were all well represented. The exhibits in butter (fresh and cured) from Germany alone considerably exceeded 100.

The awards of the judges in the various classes, gave Mr. T. Nuttall, of Leicester, first for cheese, and Mr. Cresswell, of Islington, for English cured butter. In connection with the show there is an exhibition of poultry and pigeons, in which the entries numbered nearly 1,500.

WE learn from New York that Mr. Daly has scored a certain success at his new theatre by introducing several successful artists, new to the American boards. His own play of *Divorce*, says the *Spirit of the Times*, is as good as new in its new dress, with the alterations and improvements which his experience has suggested. Miss Helen Blythe made her *début* in New York after three years of experience in starring parts. Those of the audience who had seen Sarah Bernhardt at once recognised Miss Helen Blythe's personal resemblance to that great actress. She is almost as thin; she has the same aquiline profile; her voice has the same sympathetic qualities; and, without being beautiful, she has the same indescribable fascination. It was acknowledged on all sides that Mr. Daly had discovered another emotional actress, and the audience were enthusiastic in their reception of the successor of Clara Morris.

The Brighton Harriers met for the first time this season on Saturday, the rendezvous being the Devil's Dyke. There was an exceptionally large field, comprising some 300 persons on horseback and carriages or on foot. The hounds were in fine condition, and during the day there were two good runs, one of 20 and the other of 40 minutes' duration, the latter being a splendid gallop over the hills. Although the weather was dull it held fine, and the keen air lent additional enjoyment to the sport. The pack was hunted by Sherwood.

STABLING.

This is of at least two kinds—namely, stalled houses and loose boxes.

Stalled Stables.—These places must conform to certain conditions:—They must be properly situated: they must have sufficient air space, and their fixings must be properly adjusted

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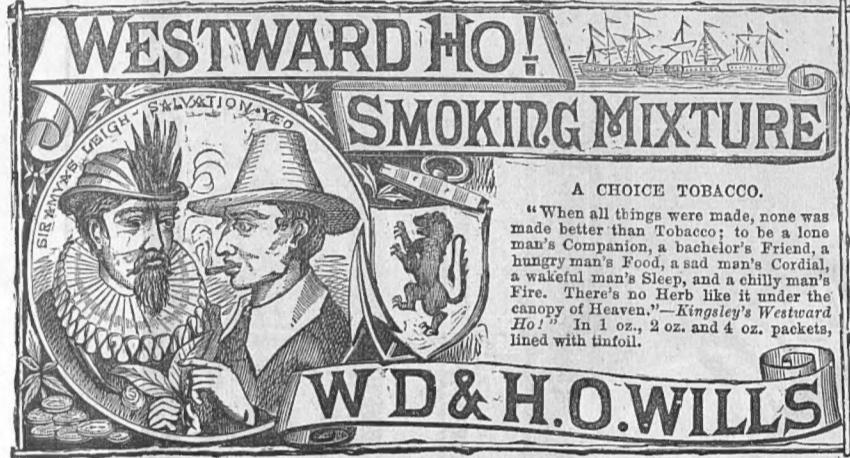


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